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September 21, 1957

America

The Passing of the Patron

by *Russell Kirk*

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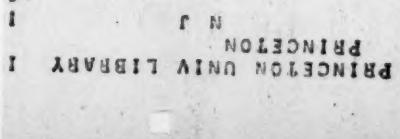
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Correspondence

Steadying Influence

EDITOR: May we congratulate you on your editorial of Aug. 24, "These Modern Women." The last paragraph seems very timely. There have been too few articles pertaining to this problem.

Our Catholic families are becoming too materialistic; but where is one to be reminded of true values except through our Church?

You can see how much we need a Catholic press to face issues squarely, even if it hurts.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS CZACHOROWSKI
Torrington, Conn.

Correction

EDITOR: This department of the United Lutheran Church in America is a regular subscriber to AMERICA and respects it for its honest reflection of the Catholic view.

In his article about the Lutherans, in your Aug. 31 issue, Fr. Malachi J. Donnelly refers to the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod as the largest Lutheran body in America. I know you will appreciate our calling it to your attention that it is the United Lutheran Church in America that is officially the largest Lutheran body in America.

Our friends in the Missouri Synod consider this to be true.

CHARLES C. HUSHAW
Executive Director

Dept. of Press, Radio and Television
New York, N. Y.

Sales are Sales

EDITOR: John J. Henderson's remark (Correspondence, 8/31) that it is the job of the advertising man in today's economy to "interpret the wants and needs of the public to the manufacturer" is one with which I have no patience.

The average manufacturer, whose very existence depends on the proper and timely offering of his wares to fill the people's wants and needs, is guided, or should be guided, by the reports and comments made daily by the people who man counters, staff showrooms and push doorbells up and down streets. The time and place to learn and interpret what the customer needs and/or wants is at that precise moment when he snaps open or snaps shut his pocketbook.

The manufacturer who, before Motiva-

tion Research and other complications beset him, made 10 per cent gross, is now, in a vague way, happy with 3 per cent, the difference being splashed away in passionately colored inks and paper pulp.

JOHN L. BEVINGTON

Nashville, Tenn.

Catholics in Kerala

EDITOR: I note in the Aug. 10 issue of AMERICA (p. 475) that the first freely elected Communist Government in history now controls India's Kerala State, which is described as being over 50 per cent Catholic. No attempt was made to explain why a Catholic electorate (I am assuming that the Catholics voted) should prove more favorably disposed toward communism than Hindus and other peoples of India.

The comment seems to assume that Catholics will "voice strong opposition" to the

educational reforms of the Communist Government. I hope the writer will not be disappointed. It strikes me that there is either a lot more to the Kerala situation than is revealed in our not too informative American press or that the Catholics of the area are not of a type to do credit to the Church.

L. E. MANNION

Berkeley, Cal.

[*The complacency of the Congress party and the inability of Congress, the Socialists and independents to unite on the Communist issue and agree on common candidates were responsible for the Red election victory in Kerala. In a word, the splitting of the anti-Communist vote spelled disaster for the forces opposing communism. In the judgment of on-the-spot observers, Catholics generally voted the Congress ticket. But Catholics do not make up "over 50 per cent" of the population of Kerala. Such a percentage would put the total Catholic population at somewhere in excess of 7 million. AMERICA gave no such figure. What AMERICA did say was that "Catholics comprise more than 50 per cent of Kerala's 3.5 million Christians," who, together with Hindus and Muslims, have protested the Communist education reforms. Ed.]*

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The Casework Relationship

Felix P. Biestek, S.J.

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Social workers have always recognized the importance of the casework relationship. It has been called the soul of social casework, the principle of life that vivifies the processes of study, diagnosis, and treatment and that makes casework a living, warmly human experience. ¶ Because no conceptual analysis of the relationship has been available, the unfortunate impression was given in some professional circles that the relationship is a pseudomystical experience which only the initiated could understand. ¶ This is the first book in which a conceptual analysis is attempted. Its purpose is to define and explain first the essence and then the constitutive principles of the casework relationship. ¶ Such an analysis can help in the training of students and of an agency staff; it will not replace but rather enrich the intuitive approach to casework both in the classroom and in field practice. It should be equally helpful to every caseworker, however experienced, in the self-evaluation of his daily work. Occasionally every practitioner is forced to ask himself the disturbing question, "What is wrong in my relationship with this client?" It would seem that an understanding of the elements of a good casework relationship should be helpful to him in making an accurate diagnosis of that relationship which is "not quite right." ¶ The author, a frequent contributor to journals in the field of social work, is director of field work and associate professor of casework in the School of Social Work, Loyola University, Chicago. He is a member of the Psychiatric Section of the National Association of Social Workers and of the Council on Social Work Education. He conducted a number of workshops at annual meetings of the Council on Social Work Education and the National Conference of Catholic Charities. He served as chairman of the Curriculum Study Committee of the Council on Social Work Education, which in 1954-1955 studied the curriculum changes of all graduate schools of social work throughout the United States and in Canada.

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Current Comment

More Data on Hungary

There have been many reports issued by the United Nations. Some of them were face-saving documents quickly relegated to oblivion. None of them has had the importance of the report of the UN Special Committee on Hungary, which the General Assembly met on Sept. 10 to consider. This document, detailing in cold factual terms the course of Soviet intervention and oppression in Hungary during the October revolution, may yet save the honor and prestige of the United Nations.

The Assembly's examination of the special UN report coincided with the release of a supplementary document which may have its own impact. This is the study entitled "Hungary under Soviet Rule," prepared by the American Friends of the Captive Nations (510 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., \$1) and the Assembly of Captive Nations, in association with the Hungarian Freedom Fighters Federation, the Hungarian National Council and the National Representation of Free Hungary. This report, taking up where the UN report left off, documents in detail the story of Red Army occupation, of secret-police terror and of continuing popular resistance.

It is perhaps too much to expect that the Red Army, which has already defied the United Nations, will retreat before this second paper barrage. Nevertheless, among other things, the new survey has its part to play in demolishing the Soviet claim to be anti-imperialist. The slow-dawning realization of this Red fraud could cost the Kremlin dearly in the East and may well bring freedom closer to Hungary.

CRS-NCWC Aid to Poland

For the first time since 1950, relief supplies donated by American Catholics are being shipped to Poland. According to an announcement by Catholic Relief Services—NCWC on Sept. 3, clothing amounting to more than 2,400 bales and valued at \$363,000 will be sent

for distribution by Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, Primate of Poland. Medical supplies valued at \$70,000 have already been dispatched by air.

The news of resumption of welfare help to Polish Catholics should come as a source of satisfaction to American Catholics. In 1950 the Reds took over the Church's welfare organization, known as Caritas. This body thereby became a political instrument in the service of communism and shipments became impossible. In making the announcement, Msgr. Aloysius J. Wycislo, CRS-NCWC assistant director, stated that Cardinal Wyszyński had given assurances that he would be able to receive American relief supplies duty free. The Primate also stated that the Government was assisting him with transportation facilities.

Such permission for transportation seems to imply that the Church authorities will also retain control of the supplies at the point of distribution. Earlier reports appearing in the *Osservatore Romano* and published here a few weeks ago (9/7, p. 557) asserted that funds donated by Catholics for Polish relief could not be distributed by the Cardinal on account of threats of reprisals. The fate of this first CRS-NCWC shipment—which exhausted, incidentally, the supply of clothing collected last year in the annual Thanksgiving drive—will be followed with close attention by Catholics in this country.

Good Public Relations

In "Lifting the Ivy Curtain" (p. 644), James M. Shea concedes that "the idea of public relations as a tool of progress is not exactly sweeping the Church in this country," but he says it is making itself more and more felt in a growing number of front offices.

In some quarters of the U. S. Church, often with the help and technical know-how of laymen, a superlative public-relations job is being done. Many of our colleges and universities have made giant strides in this direction within the last decade.

An unusually fine example of good press relations came to our attention in connection with the Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated Sept. 7 in Yankee Stadium, New York City, by His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman (AM. 8/10, p. 474). On this gala occasion, which marked the Cardinal's 25th episcopal anniversary, the press kit issued to newsmen by the New York Archdiocesan Bureau of Information, headed by Rev. Timothy J. Flynn, was a model of completeness, accuracy and professional competence.

However, as Mr. Shea points out, we have a long way to go in this field. One small incident confirmed this for us during the imposing celebration at the Stadium. We happened to be in the press box that day, along with a score or more of newspaper people. During the Cardinal's Mass, a bright-looking young newsman came up to us with a request for a definition of two words that really had him stopped. Unbelievably, but actually, they were "sacerdotal" and "ecclesiastical." For a journalist not to know these two words is quite unpardonable, but there are dozens of other expressions, commonly used among Catholics, which are utterly unfamiliar to non-Catholics.

We badly need a standard glossary of such words for the use of the gentlemen of the press. Moreover, in compiling it, let's not take anything for granted.

Regional Market to the South

Perhaps it's only a question of *post hoc propter hoc*. Then again maybe many Latin Americans caught the vision of an expanded market, with its promise of increased commerce and higher living standards, from their European cousins. At any rate, on Sept. 2, the Organization of American States, meeting in Buenos Aires, warmly supported a suggestion to establish a huge regional market in Latin America. An OAS-approved resolution directed that studies of the proposed market be undertaken *pronto*, and that these be coordinated with work already under way by the UN Commission for Latin America.

One of the delegates, Dr. Felipe Barreda Laos of Peru, exclaimed that this action was "historic," and it well

may be. But the way to a common Latin-American market will not be a short or easy one. An effort at Buenos Aires, for instance, to draw up an economic treaty for the Americas ran head-on into difficulties raised by the United States. The proposed treaty included a provision that producer countries band together to stabilize prices of raw materials. This conflicted with the U. S. policy of opposing government regulation of prices of products moving in world trade.

To Latin Americans the stand of their Yankee neighbor on this issue is hard to comprehend. How, they wonder, can the U. S. oppose with consistency efforts to control raw-material prices on the world market while at the same time it practices such control over its domestic farm prices? If an artificial system of price supports is deemed necessary to assure U. S. farmers of a fair return on their products, why resist similar efforts

to assure Brazilian coffee growers or Chilean copper miners of a fair price on their labors? Why, indeed? To the layman it seems that the Latin Americans have a point.

CELAM's Progress Report

In July, 1955, six Cardinals and 96 archbishops and bishops had come from 24 Latin-American nations to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Rio de Janeiro. They stayed on afterwards for about ten days in order to create, at the request of Pope Pius XII, a central organization of all the Church's resources in Latin America.

Out of that meeting in Rio came the Latin-American Bishops' Council, known as CELAM. The new body is already functioning; it held its first regular session at Bogotá last Nov. 5-15. CELAM publishes a monthly *Bulletin*.

of Information (Carrera 15, No. 28-24, Bogotá), reporting on its activities.

The June issue of the *Bulletin* narrates the encouraging results of CELAM'S latest efforts. It tells what the Church is doing in Peru and Bolivia; outlines the work of the Diocesan Oblates, a new group of lay auxiliaries who work in parishes in Argentina and Chile; contains a report on how Catholic workers are organized in various countries throughout the world, and how Latin America can imitate them; and gives a roundup of radio, TV and film news of interest to its readers.

CELAM also publishes a second periodical, *Miles Christi*, which tells every three months what is being done in Latin America to instruct the faithful and in particular to counteract the flood of anti-Catholic propaganda that has appeared there in the past few years.

We Catholics of the United States, proud of our flourishing National Cath-

International Congress of Sacred Music

Paris, France, during the first week of July, was enduring one of the hottest spells of weather in its history. It was also acting as host to the Third International Congress of Sacred Music, though it would be incorrect to imply that any of the heat came from the congress.

The first of these triennial meetings was held in Rome in 1950, the second in 1954 in Vienna. The theme of this year's meetings in Paris was: "Perspectives of Sacred Music in the Light of the Encyclical *Musicae Sacrae Disciplina* of His Holiness Pius XII."

The strong interest in the congress can be illustrated by the comment of one official who was asked why there had been little advance publicity about the sessions in Paris. He replied: "Why should we publicize the congress when we have seats for 550 and there are 1,250 here to attend?"

Into the first eight days of July were packed six Pontifical High Masses, nine concerts and ten sessions in which 46 speakers were heard. Few who crowded into the steamy auditorium of the Art Institute could feel that it was not too much.

Out of the congress, however, came certain clear realizations concerning the strengths of various individual men and musicians in the Church who are helping to lead the way to more constant, high-level achievements.

Memorable, too, were the great musical moments of the congress: the chant sung by a choir

from the Institute of Sacred Music at Lille, and that of the Cathedral Choir from Cambrai; the pure glory of the *organum* of Pérotin le Grand, in a setting of *Viderunt Omnes*, in Notre Dame; and the supremely beautiful singing of over three hundred children, all trained under the Ward Method, singing in the Palais de Chaillot at an evening concert that brought them to the stage shortly before midnight.

Much that was sung at the congress was by no means liturgical, either in its content or in the free use of mixed choirs of men and women singing in street clothes not far from the front of the altars of several churches. The absence of the term "liturgical" from the title of the congress, however, had not been taken to mean that its proceedings would not be in conformity to the Church's teachings.

One of the most impressive names to emerge from the congress with increased prestige is that of Fr. Joseph Gelineau, S.J., whose psalm settings gave immense vitality and meaning to the *Missa Lecta*, "with popular chants," in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, on the first Friday of July.

A final impression from the congress is the strong feeling that the United States could present an impressive congress under similar auspices if the host city and the performing musicians were carefully chosen. We have much to offer our European colleagues, even though we labor under problems different from theirs.

PAUL HUME

Mr. HUME is music editor of the Washington Post.

olic Welfare Conference, pray that God may prosper this new organ of the visible Church to the south of us.

Making College Count

College graduates who wonder what form of parish activity would be best suited to their attainments might well give a little thought to Sister Ludivine's article on the parish census (p. 646 of this issue). Her discussion of the census shows that in our times it is much more than a mere counting of noses. A well-conducted census can tell the pastor much more about his parish than the number of people it contains. It can tell him where special pastoral care is needed, and what kind is needed.

The Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, to which Sr. Ludivine belongs, have devoted themselves in a special way to this important work of the census. They bring to it zeal, special knowledge and experience. But they are represented in only nine of the country's 133 archdioceses and dioceses with their more than 16,000 parishes.

We venture to guess that our Catholic college graduates are not inferior in native endowments and education to the men and women who conduct the Gallup polls and the numerous other surveys that scrutinize the face of U. S. society. In fact, quite probably some of them are the very same men and women.

Surely many of our parishes can show a handful of college graduates who, under the pastor's direction, could do some reading, meet for discussions, perhaps have a couple of informal talks from local college professors—in a word, learn how a census is taken, and then go out and take it.

Religious Training for Children

At a recent International Catholic Child Bureau Congress on Child Problems, held in Montreal, internationally known psychiatrist Karl Stern had some challenges to address to Catholic parents and teachers.

The moral and religious training of children, he said, must almost inevitably center on "do's" and "don'ts" until they reach about the age of three. But at about that age, the child begins to look up to and imitate models—generally and

naturally his parents—and the ideals of a positive approach to religion begin to take shape. It is at this point that parents must recognize that now is the time to inculcate the element of love in religion. While still insisting on the reality of sin and wrongdoing, they ought to shift the emphasis toward a realization of God as the source of love, kindness, nobility and idealism.

In striking this positive note, as well as in warning that many teachers and parents are unconsciously motivated by a Jansenistic attitude that "nature, the body and the flesh are reprehensible in themselves," Dr. Stern put his finger on one root solution of the problems of juvenile delinquency. Recent studies have shown a rise of such problems even in families that are by no means economically underprivileged. Not a few parents who have given their children all the advantages in the world are amazed to see them take a wrong turning. Perhaps those parents have failed by not making clear to their children that they themselves recognize the positive side of religion.

Outlook on Unions

At a news seminar prior to the opening on Sept. 5 of the New York meeting of the Industrial Relations Research Association, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell again warned against hasty legislation to curb union abuses. He did not think that application of the anti-trust laws to unions or a national right-to-work law—remedies which some businessmen have come to regard as panaceas—would automatically solve the problem of racketeering. The best hope of rooting out abuses, he felt, lay within the unions themselves, and he publicly professed confidence in AFL-CIO President George Meany's determination to effect a thorough clean-up. The Secretary conceded, though, that if a union like the Teamsters were to defy the AFL-CIO, public pressure for restrictive legislation would be irresistible.

Not all the speakers shared Mr. Mitchell's fear that "a headlong rush toward remedies might cure the cancer but kill the patient." Some thought it entirely possible to legislate abuses out of existence without restricting the exercise of legitimate union functions.

In the course of the seminar, the suspicions of many union leaders that businessmen are ganging up on them in their hour of trial were answered reassuringly from an unexpected quarter. Joseph E. Moody, head of the Southern Coal Producers Association and veteran of many a labor-management dogfight, told the group that the mine owners were much concerned about what would happen to the union should 77-year-old John L. Lewis suddenly depart the scene. The activities of the United Mine Workers have become so constructive, he explained, that the operators were intent on keeping it strong. His remarks gave at least indirect support to Secretary Mitchell's position.

. . . Dissenting View

One can plausibly argue, of course, that the opinions of Secretary Mitchell and Mr. Moody represent a minority business viewpoint. More in tune, perhaps, with management thinking is a Prentice-Hall advertisement that recently reached us by mail. It raises a scary picture of the united labor movement, "backed by a multi-million-dollar organizing fund," marching forth to conquer white-collar citadels up and down the land. To all those who subscribe to the Prentice-Hall weekly *Labor Report* the publishing house offered to send a free copy of a "unique counter-weapon" called *How to Meet the Critical Problem of White-Collar Organizing*.

The blurb warns prospective subscribers that, in view of the progress of unionized factory workers, the union challenge to white-collar workers is a formidable one, but assures them that it can be triumphantly met. Employers will be caught off guard, however, unless they "arm themselves NOW with the facts needed to preserve the traditional white-collar resistance to unions, without running afoul of Federal and State laws *against interference with workers' right to organize*."

Such inflammatory, class-conscious literature may possibly sell Prentice-Hall products, but it is the sort of thing that embitters industrial relations in this country. It helps to keep alive the hoary labor-management antagonisms that men like Messrs. Mitchell and Moody are laudably trying to bury.

Civil War in U. S. Communism

This is the way the letter, which appeared in the September 9 issue of the *Daily Worker*, began:

Regretfully, this will be the last time I speak my piece as an editor of the *Daily Worker* and member of the Communist party. After 28 years of association I am resigning from both because I find it is no longer possible to serve the cause of American socialism through them.

So it was that Joseph Clark, for three years (1950-53) Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Worker* and more recently its foreign-affairs editor, publicly disclosed his disillusionment with communism. Still a Marxian Socialist, Mr. Clark will henceforth seek some "better way" to achieve the ideals that first attracted him many years ago to the Communist party—"a world free from poverty, racism, injustice and war."

On the following day, September 10, *Daily Worker* editor John Gates replied at length to Clark's letter. With a complete absence of the gutter invective that Communists reserve for defectors and Social Democrats, obviously more in sorrow than in anger, Gates regretted that Clark thought it necessary to pursue the fight for his ideals outside the party rather than within it. "The resignation of Clark," he sadly observed, "is another sign of the continued decline of the Communist party."

ANTI-STALINISM

This incident is noted here because it throws considerable light on the struggle now in progress for control of the American Communist party. The struggle was precipitated, of course, by Khrushchev's sensational report on Stalin's crimes to the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist party. It continued through the American party's national convention last February and the hush-hush July meeting of the national committee. It still goes on.

According to Clark's letter of resignation, one of the great issues in the fight is the Titoist thesis that every Communist party must be free to pursue the common goal of socialism in its own native way. All Marxist movements in this country have failed, Clark charges, because they have not been content "with growing directly out of the struggles of the American people," and have not been based "on the specific conditions of American life."

Clark had some hope for the American party after the February convention, which, so he says, "promised a search for new paths and new organizational means through which the American people would arrive at socialism." But that hope

has not been fulfilled. The American party was neutral during the Hungarian revolt, though "proletarian internationalism required solidarity with the Hungarian workers opposing Soviet intervention." It supported Khrushchev in the ouster of Molotov and Malenkov, though Khrushchev was as responsible as they for the crimes of Stalin. And although the last national convention did reject the "dictum" of the meddling Jacques Duclos, boss of the French Communist party, that proletarian internationalism "implies solidarity with the foreign policy of the Soviet Union," it did not refute him specifically, "in a way that would establish beyond a shadow of a doubt the independence of the American Communist party."

Nor is Clark any more hopeful about the second great issue that is troubling the comrades—the issue of democracy. He observes that the national committee condemned his "line" on foreign affairs at its July meeting, but in its report of the proceedings in the *Party Affairs Bulletin* gave

not a single reason, no argument, not one idea for that condemnation. As in the days of Stalin, something is declared "right" or "wrong" with no obligation to tell why, what or how. One must accept on faith.

This is additional evidence, Clark argues, that a majority of the national committee still refuses to break completely with Stalinism, which "perverted socialism by substituting autocracy for democracy."

CRISIS FOR THE PARTY

In his friendly answer to Clark, Gates seems to be in fundamental agreement with him. He concedes that an intra-party struggle is in progress, and that those who refused to accept the anti-Stalinist posture of the last national convention are persisting in their opposition. He agrees that the party has been hurt by its blind obedience to Moscow in the past, as well as by the present conflict. (Clark had written that last year the party lost 7,000 of its reported 17,000 members, and Gates confirms this.) But he feels strongly that the crisis can and will be solved by routing those who are trying to reverse the decisions of the February convention.

That is the way the fight looks from the inside. To an outsider the resignation of Clark, like the previous defection of novelist Howard Fast, suggests that the party's hard-core Stalinists, men like William Z. Foster and Benjamin Davis, are gaining strength and may be ready to seize control. If they do, it will be, of course, with the Kremlin's blessing.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

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Washington Front

Democracy Is Still democracy

Craving the indulgence of the Editor, I have left off the capital in that second "democracy," to bring out what I mean. Can anyone ever forget that unforgettable news photo which showed a Negro boy in Little Rock faced with bayoneted National Guards to keep him out of high school, with two hard-faced uniformed men before and behind, their billy-sticks held at the ready? We may be sure that within minutes that picture was telephoned to all the non-whites in the world, two-thirds of its population.

What that picture did not show, however, was what was behind it, and what every American knew: the three courageous decisions for integration made by Federal Judge Ronald N. Davies, a Catholic, a Knight of Columbus and a law graduate of Georgetown University. To uphold the majesty of law against even official fanaticism is in the proudest traditions of democracy. The filibuster of J. Strom Thurmond was a minor excrescence, even though it did cost the taxpayer a cool \$7,776 for printing.

All of this is not to say that democracy does not have an even higher price to pay. I have heard decent people

lament that we in a democracy have to conduct our public business in public, so that a potential enemy can know what we are up to (which reminds me of the otherwise correct grammarian Woodrow Wilson's dictum: "Public agreement publicly arrived at"). This is indeed a hard price to pay for self-government. It is true that the Reds can make their decisions behind a closed iron door, and we can only guess at their intentions while they always know about ours. But is this a handicap? I doubt it. In the long run, a people is always stronger when it knows what it is doing. The fate of dictatorships proves it.

Yet we must admit that as a democracy we do have a long way to go. Obviously, we still have, after a century and a half, to secure the Bill of Rights, in North and South. We still have to secure for nearly half of our population—which, according to the Census Bureau report issued as I write, does not yet receive it—what the Labor and Commerce Departments combined call a decent living income. Does government correct that? Or will we do it by private enterprise? Either method is democratic, but which is the better? And which will work? The dogmatic and the pragmatic are in debate among us, but the point is that there is a debate. In totalitarian lands there is no debate.

So, we keep alive and lively, in our curious American way, by plurality: plurality in religion, in politics, in regions, in races—and, always, change. That is how we keep our freedom, always.

WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

CLERGY AND LAY leaders interested in recreation will find much material of value in *A Guide to Books on Recreation*, just published by the National Recreation Association (8 West Eighth St., New York 11, N. Y.). It contains more than 850 titles from 125 publishers.

► A MIMEOGRAPHED newsletter for Mexican braceros working in Arizona lists 14 parishes where services in Spanish are available in the Diocese of Tucson. The newsletter, which opens with a message of welcome from Most Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, Bishop of Tucson, was written by Very Rev. Theodore J. Radtke, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Nogales, and was distributed at the Bracero Reception Center in the same city.

► OVER 500 servicewomen and wives of military personnel were expected to attend the second annual Convocation

of Catholic Women, held Sept. 13-15 at the U. S. Army Religious Retreat Center in Berchtesgaden, Germany.

► THE FIFTH SERIES of *The Book of Catholic Authors* has just been issued by Walter Romig (979 Lakepointe Ave., Grosse Pointe 30, Mich., 320 p., \$3.50). Included in the present volume are sketches of Louis de Wohl, Msgr. John Tracy Ellis, Hilda Graef, Rev. Andrew J. Krzesinski, Rev. Pius Parsch, C.R.S.A., and Seamus MacManus. Like the first four volumes, the book is cumulatively indexed with its predecessors.

► THE TRAGIC DEATH of 175 persons and the injuring of 400 others in the wreck of a train carrying a Catholic excursion party near Kendal, Jamaica, B.W.I., on Sept. 1 brought help and expressions of sympathy from people of all ranks and creeds in the island. Bishop John J. McEleny, S.J., said that

few could remember "a more unanimous expression of affectionate sympathy than that given to us by our fellow citizens." The Acting Governor of Jamaica, the Anglican bishops, the heads of the Presbyterian and Methodist communities, the leading rabbi, all sent messages of condolence.

► THE TENTH ANNUAL Convention of the National Catholic Cemetery Conference will be held in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 24-27. The conference has now a membership of 1,000, being the first cemetery organization ever to reach that figure.

► A YEARBOOK of Catholic statistics, with text in French, later to appear in English and Spanish, is being prepared to give full data on the religious, cultural, educational and charitable life of the Church in all the countries of the world. It will list names and addresses of important Church offices and officials. The yearbook, to be completed by next April, will be featured in the 1958 International Exposition in Brussels, Belgium.

C. K.

Editorials

Mob Law in Arkansas

People around the world, from general reports, are considerably astonished at events in Little Rock, Arkansas. The picture of a fifteen-year-old colored girl being scared away by armed soldiers as she tries to enter a school building is singularly unlike the conventional picture of the United States as a land that respects the rights of the humblest citizens and spares no effort to educate its youth.

Judging by comments of the local press and many interviews, the people of Little Rock itself, adults and high-school pupils alike, are still more astonished. The gradual integration program so violently interferred with by Arkansas' Governor Orval E. Faubus had been agreed upon months before by city and school authorities, and was explained in detail at 175 meetings by the chairman of the Little Rock School Board, Virgil Blossom. Among these citizens was Little Rock's Catholic Bishop, the Most Rev. Albert L. Fletcher, who in August, 1954, shortly after the Supreme Court's historic decree outlawing public school segregation, set forth in a pastoral letter the goal for the Church in Arkansas: "No Catholic student is refused admission to a Catholic school on account of race or color." Least astonished, probably, were the Negroes themselves; for long experience has taught them harsh lessons about scheming politicians and the ruses that can be employed in the service of racial prejudice.

In point of fact, there is nothing startlingly new about Governor Faubus' action in placing the citizens under duress in order to protect them against an assumed terror. In this case the procedure was simple. The Governor was warned, so he alleges, that certain persons planned to create a breach of the peace by violently interfering with the plans worked out by the school board. These persons, it is said, threatened violence if certain colored school children elected to follow the direction of the board and exercised the rights guaranteed them by the law of the land. But "violence may be met by violence" (Cicero, *Pro Milone*), so the Governor mobilized the State militia, and his statesmanlike action preserved

the peace of Arkansas. The threatening mob withheld its hands from violence, when the Governor did just what the mob wanted done: prevented the colored children from entering the public school.

The peace against which Governor Faubus has set up his own peculiar brand of phony peace is none other than "the peace of the United States." That such a peace exists was declared by the U. S. Supreme Court nearly 60 years ago:

It is argued that the preservation of peace and good order in society is not within the powers confided to the Government of the United States, but belongs exclusively to the States. . . . We think that theory is founded on an entire misconception of the nature and powers of that Government. We hold it to be an incontrovertible principle that the Government of the United States may . . . execute on every foot of American soil the powers and functions that belong to it. . . . There is a peace of the United States. (*In Re Neagle*, April 14, 1890.)

In an instance similar to the present one, where a State Governor defied the Federal authority, the U. S. Supreme Court decided that "the Governor's orders were an invasion under color of State law of rights secured by the Federal Constitution." (*Sterling v. Constantin*, Dec. 12, 1932.)

Instead of seeking real peace, Governor Faubus has chosen to act in open defiance of the District Federal Court. Judge Ronald N. Davies necessarily emphasized this when he courageously refused on September 7 to grant a stay of order to the school board to carry out its original resolution. That makes the issue one between Governor Faubus and the President of the United States.

President Eisenhower rightly insists that in dealing with this challenge to Federal authority he will use none but legal methods. Deal with it he must, and forthrightly. For the day that the writ of Federal courts can be successfully defied in this country, that day organized irresponsibility and mob rule begin.

Senators on the Arms Race

As long as the disarmament negotiations were actually under way in London, the executive branch had the floor so far as the American viewpoint was concerned. Now that direct East-West talks seem concluded for the time being, the legislative branch has come out with its own views. The September 8 report of the

Senate disarmament subcommittee, headed by Minnesota Democrat Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, adds a new dimension to the nation's thinking on the disarmament problem.

The subcommittee's report is more down-to-earth, and therefore more persuasive, than the statements

emanating recently from the White House. In contrast to the professional optimism of Presidential envoy Harold E. Stassen, it says that the history of our dealings with the Soviet Union compels the belief that "the prospects for an early and meaningful agreement are not encouraging." The subcommittee stressed two political situations that must change radically before any disarmament agreement can be signed. These are the present division of Germany and the aggressive tactics of the Red China regime. Before substantial steps can be taken to reduce armaments in Asia, said the report of the twelve-man committee, the Chinese Communists "must demonstrate an intent to live in peace with other nations." Meanwhile, it urged, our own military de-

fenses must be maintained in order to assure the success of disarmament negotiations.

The Senate group is not, however, bogged down in negatives. The race to perfect intercontinental ballistic missiles has made disarmament a matter of the greatest urgency. Recognizing this fact, the subcommittee urges that the United States push the reduction and control of armaments in the UN General Assembly.

The report of the Senate body is a valuable index of public opinion and a timely reminder of mankind's crucial need for an end to the arms race. It is insurance against counsels of panic, which would have us give up trying and thus, by abdication, make inevitable what can still, with God's help, be avoided.

AFL-CIO and the Teamsters

With the grimness of a Greek tragedy, the test of strength between the AFL-CIO and its largest affiliate, the 1.4-million-member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, is moving towards a seemingly inevitable denouement. Next week the AFL-CIO executive council will meet in Manhattan to consider an official report on the hearings held before the Ethical Practices Committee on September 5. If the committee follows its customary procedure in cases of this kind, its report will contain no recommendations. It will merely specify the charges of unethical practices brought against the Teamsters and give the union's reply to them. Enough is known, however, of the Teamsters' answer to the committee's bill of particulars to warrant a good guess as to the executive council's decision. The council will almost certainly order the Brotherhood to use a newer and stiffer broom to clean up its mess of corruption or else risk expulsion at the December convention of the AFL-CIO.

The character of the Teamster reply to the charges brought by the Ethical Practices Committee appears to leave the AFL-CIO leaders no other choice. It was scarcely the answer of truly penitent men, grieving over sins that have inflicted serious injury on the labor movement and eager to make reparation. Rather it was the retort of men determined to brazen out the charges and, so far at least as James R. Hoffa, prospective successor to President Dave Beck, is concerned, to hold on to power at any price.

To the Ethical Practices Committee's detailed allegations of wrongdoing, the Teamster leaders did not deign to make a reply. In a highly legalistic statement they addressed themselves only to the summary accusation that the union was dominated by corrupt influences. This they denied in the following words:

Without attempting to summarize the allegations, it appears that none of them are of such magnitude as to support a belief that the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, as an entity, is "dominated, controlled or substantially influenced in the conduct of its affairs by any corrupt influence."

The statement goes on to note that the Teamster

union is a big organization, with more than 800 local unions, more than 5,000 local officers and over 1.4 million members. Such an organization, it insists, is so large that no group of individuals can so dominate its affairs as to give it the corrupt character the Ethical Practices Committee imputes to it. There is no mention, of course, of the pertinent and highly embarrassing fact that the group of individuals charged with wrongdoing happens to include the union's international president, his probable successor and two international vice presidents.

By way of excusing their failure to expel or otherwise discipline officials accused of unethical practices, the Teamster leaders profess a tender devotion to civil rights. They will not take any action until those accused of criminal actions have had their day in court. They also refuse to make a mockery of the U. S. Constitution by proceeding against officials who have taken refuge within the voluminous, protective folds of the Fifth Amendment.

The statement does, however, make some gestures toward decency and morality. It notifies the AFL-CIO that the Teamster convention opening on September 30 in Miami intends to undertake certain reforms. It will consider amendments to the union's constitution that will bring it into conformity "with present-day needs and the principles of good trade unionism." With such crumbs the AFL-CIO executive council is supposed to be satisfied.

What Teamster leaders like Beck and Hoffa do not seem to appreciate is that the issue they have helped to create is bigger than their own union. The Teamsters are on trial before the AFL-CIO, but the AFL-CIO is on trial before the nation. Even if President George Meany and his colleagues were disposed to temporize with the Teamsters—and they are not—they could not afford to do so. Though they shudder at the prospect of expelling a tenth of their membership, they shudder still more at what might happen if the public ever decided that the union movement was incapable of self-reform. To have placed the AFL-CIO leadership in this cruel position is not the least of the Teamster crimes against organized labor.

The Passing of the Patron

Russell Kirk

EVERYTHING HAS TO BE PAID FOR: even truth and beauty. Every civilization worth calling a civilization has its patrons of letters and arts, who foot the bills. The taste and generosity of those patrons, indeed, stand high among the indices to the quality of any civilization.

Religion being the great source of thought and art, the natural patron is the Church. But the theological and moral confusion which our society has suffered ever since the 16th century has much diminished the role of the Church as patron; so that only in corners of the modern world do the poet, the philosopher, the painter, the architect and the sculptor still look confidently to the Church for discerning patronage. In very recent years, true enough, there have appeared encouraging signs of a reunion of faith with beauty. Yet in most of the Western world, the scholar and the artist turn nowadays to the secular patron. There are three sorts of secular patrons: the state, the charitable foundation and the man of large private means.

Throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, the role once filled by the Church was assumed by the private patron: the landed aristocrat, the banker, the great merchant or manufacturer. But now that our society is feeling the pinch of income taxes, inheritance taxes and other devices for economic leveling, this source of patronage is diminishing. Already it is nearly extinct in Britain—more reduced there, perhaps, than anywhere else in the Western world outside the Communist states. We may be in at the death. Private patronage of arts and letters always had conspicuous defects, chief among them the tendency to substitute egoism for spiritual and philosophical meaning—a fault that may be traced through five centuries, all the way from the great church at Rimini which Alberti built for Sigismondo Malatesta in the 15th century to certain American university campuses of the 20th.

The taste and generosity of the private patron, nevertheless, were among the remarkable achievements of modern civilization. Even in moments of failure and repudiation, the private patron often behaved better than anyone would expect nowadays. When Samuel Johnson wrote his celebrated rebuke to Lord Chesterfield, that arbiter of urbanity displayed to his friends the overwhelming letter as a model of style and strength,

and generally conducted himself in the affair more creditably than did Johnson. When Edmund Burke cut himself off from a patron of no especial talents, "Single-Speech" Hamilton, that poor Irish Secretary wrote plaintively to Burke as a man forlorn, deprived of his friend and mentor. The great private patrons knew genius when they saw it.

TWILIGHT OF CULTURE

Our generation is dispensing with the private patron. Whether any form of patronage more satisfactory can be developed among us is a question that all friends of culture need to ask with some urgency. For my part, I am disquieted by what observations I have made.

A ruling class, it is said, never loses power except through its own neglect of its duties. Possibly it is just as true that a class of patrons loses its prerogatives only when it has lost its taste. One anecdote: I happen to know of the middle-aged son of an eminent industrialist. The father is a man of practical genius, whose whole life has been spent in inventing, planning and mass-producing; he never has found time for frivolities like humane arts and letters. The son, however, has plenty of time for anything he likes; he has money, social position, formal schooling and no real responsibilities. How does he employ his plenitude of time? He keeps busy: he goes down to his big basement and makes model airplanes.

The sounding model-motor haunts him like a passion. His days and his evenings are spent thus, with only the occasional diversion of a cocktail party. I do not mean that he is interested in technological advancement: that he leaves to his hired hands. His tiny planes are simply Lilliputian copies of existing big planes. In his hobby is no utilitarian alloy; he goes down to that cellar for fun, and in that fun his decades slip by. Our builder of model airplanes, I must add, is not merely an isolated instance of eccentricity: the number of wealthy people in America with an understanding of arts and letters, and a desire to fill the role of intelligent patron, is dangerously small.

De Tocqueville suggested that while great fortunes encourage great designs in the arts of civilizations, a multitude of decent competences encourages only mediocrity; for the really rich man has enough money to do grand things, while the merely well-to-do man can be only a prosperous consumer. In part, probably, the failure of the 20th-century well-to-do man as patron

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results from the decline of truly great private fortunes. It is improbable that, in the next generation, any Mellon will have the money to found a National Gallery, or any Duke the money to erect Gothic university quadrangles. So the failure of our model-plane builder is not entirely a failure of taste and intellect.

And we do not seem to be providing any successor to the grand private patron—no truly satisfactory successor. We look to the state for such patronage, but often look in vain. Britain, with its Arts Councils, its subsidies to the theatre and the rest of its state cultural apparatus, has gone as far as any modern nation in casting government in the role of patron. Yet the results, by and large, have been disquieting. Wyndham Lewis, in his vignette of the charlatan teacher of "creative art" in *Rotting Hill*, suggests the pattern.

And here is an instance of state patronage which came to my attention. During the Festival of Britain, a swarm of cultural experts was dispatched from their London hive to gray old Edinburgh, that the Scots might learn how to show off Scottish culture to the foreigner. Many of these cultural experts, it turned out, deserved the postwar English epithet of drones, if not of spivs; and they knew even less about Scottish art and letters than they did about English. A friend of mine took one of these cultural bureaucrats to Edinburgh Castle, but the cultural official gazed with lack-luster eye from the castle rock across the Old Town to St. Giles' and Holyrood; he knew next to nothing of Edinburgh's past. At length, however, his bored glance turned in another direction, and he espied the giant sign of a well-known British chain store. "Ah, you have a Binns' here! I often go to Binns' in London." Culture was a business by which you got a decent salary; the bargain counters at Binns' were what any rational cultural functionary paid some attention to.

Yet Britain still retains a considerable body of persons of taste discernment, and there is active patronage of projects for artistic and historical preservation, if not much intelligent patronage of new literary and artistic endeavor. Some of the state-bought works of art, even at generator stations, are of high merit; and the National Trust for England has no equal anywhere as a conservator of domestic architecture. The success of



these state benefactions and these private associations seems to result, however, from what remains of the heritage of the grand private patron. The Arts Council and the National Trust are dominated by the old order of aristocratic and professional-aristocratic men of taste, brought up to a sense of duty in such matters, but now a dwindling breed. A great virtuoso of the old stamp, the Earl of Crawford, the product of many generations of family patronage of the arts, is at the head of several of these official bodies and committees. When such men no longer can be found, art and letters may have lean days in Britain.

FAILURE OF THE FOUNDATIONS

And the enormous American "private" foundations are not doing much better than is the English state. Utilitarian and humanitarian projects engross the attention of our major foundations; the Guggenheim Foundation is a conspicuous exception. Justification by material works seems to be the credo of the representative foundation functionary. The arts and pure learning somehow embarrass the custodian of industrially accumulated wealth. It may be sufficient illustration to contrast the ample resources of the Social Science Research Council with the perennial financial perplexities of the American Council of Learned Societies. The first can promise foundations practical results, or at least surveys of possible results; the latter can plead only the intangible virtues of truth and beauty. And who wants to buy that?

A friend of mine, himself long active in charitable foundations, recently tried to persuade several of our larger foundations to give substantial assistance toward the preservation on a national scale of historic and artistically important buildings in this country. (We have in existence a newly founded National Trust for Historical Preservation in the United States, intelligently directed; but its funds are ludicrously inadequate.) Only one great foundation even toyed with my friend's suggestions; the rest promptly dismissed such proposals as insufficiently "socially beneficial."

Another friend of mine, also possessed of practical experience in foundation management and familiar with the world of business, happened to meet a member of a well-known family of foundation patrons, and set before him, tentatively, some projects of a cultural character more closely related to "social benefit" than the plan for historic preservation. The rich man showed some interest, and introduced my friend to the salaried officers of his family foundation—and also to the head of the family. It soon became clear to my friend that he was one of the privileged few who ever had penetrated to the inner sanctum of this great family foundation; and to be introduced to the foundation's officers by the Founder himself ensured at least a civil hearing.

In the Founder's country house in Pennsylvania, a degree of precedent and protocol almost Byzantine prevailed; foundation officers very like the Grand Logothete and the Supreme Chartulary condescended to sit at table with my friend; and, when presently the Founder drifted vaguely if grandly away to other diver-

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sions, the Grand Logothete and the Supreme Chartulary gave my friend their ears. But only their ears. Within a few minutes, their eyes took on the glazed look of persons who want to get a boring business done with.

The foundation existed to support their dignities. To comply with the law, it was necessary to expend a part of the foundation's revenues annually; and that expenditure, the Grand Logothete and the Supreme Chartulary obviously felt, should be as simple and as safe as possible. Assistance to arts and letters is complicated, and even controversial; while making grants for college cafeterias, or knocking down slums to build boys' clubs, is direct and universally approved. And thinking always is a painful process. The Grand Logothete and the Supreme Chartulary, my friend soon ascertained, liked life to be as little painful for themselves as possible.

Now I have had some encounters myself with the state patron and the foundation patron, and my experience, with a few exceptions, has been very like that of my British and American friends. The difficulties which Dwight MacDonald so penetratingly describes in his book *The Ford Foundation* seem to prevent even the best-intentioned foundations from filling adequately the role of patrons of arts and letters. And I also have had some interesting encounters with some of the surviving old-fangled private patrons.

SERVANTS OF A GREAT TRADITION

Some months ago, for instance, I went down from Rome through the Castelli to Ninfa, which lies in the Pontine marshes, just below the great cliffs of the Volscians. Ninfa is a medieval Pompeii, deserted by its inhabitants seven centuries ago, what with the feuds and the malaria. The walls of the ancient town still stand, and the ruins of churches, and bits and pieces of medieval houses. In the old *palazzo pubblico*, the great house of the Caetani have established their country residence; for Ninfa, like still-inhabited Sermonetta on the hill beyond, has been the property of the Caetani for many centuries.

The Caetani, who gave two Popes to the medieval Church, are the oldest of all great Roman families; tombs of theirs antedating even the legendary beginnings of their house were discovered a few years ago beneath St. Peter's. The Caetani are Dukes of Sermonetta, and Marguerite Caetani, Duchess of Sermonetta, is editor and publisher and angel of *Botteghe Oscure*, that remarkable experimental quarterly, in four languages, published in Rome.

No state patron or foundation patron would dream of paying the deficits of a journal like *Botteghe Oscure*: for it is controversial, experimental, unconventional. Only an aristocratic or bohemian patron would venture on such an undertaking. Besides, literary quarterlies aren't practical; they don't show results. Here in America they exist only by the skin of their teeth, on the most meager of subsidies, in a few of our universities. Yet I think that letters and arts require, in any age, such a stimulus as publications like *Botteghe Oscure* give.

A year or so ago I went from Sheffield in Yorkshire

out to Chatsworth, the palace of the Dukes of Devonshire, still approached through its splendid miles of park, still perfect in its 17th-century splendor. It is uninhabitable under modern circumstances, and the Cavendishes live at a neighboring older and smaller house of theirs. Chatsworth has its pictures and sculptures still, though the Damocles' sword of unpaid death-duties hangs over them; and it has its famous library, though the earliest books have been sold to satisfy the Exchequer.

It is a labyrinth of curious and beautiful things. A lady I know, a member of the family, remembers scooting through the corridors, when she was a child, clutching a great painted ostrich egg she had discovered. That egg had been wondrously painted by Peter Breughel, and her elders rescued it from her grasp with sighs of relief. The Devonishire patronized scholars and artists from the Renaissance down to our time, among them Thomas Hobbes, who acquired from the Cavendish family and its ways his concept of "aristocratic virtue."

At the older house of Hardwick, still standing in these Cavendish miles of park and farmland, Hobbes commenced his great translation of Thucydides; and at Hardwick, when he was 91 years old, he died. There are scholars working at Chatsworth still; the Duke of Devonshire, Exchequer or no Exchequer, keeps the library open to any scholar who needs it. (Hobbes' papers, among others, are there.) But four enormous death-duties have been paid, since the last war, upon the Cavendish estates, and we are drawing near to the end of an old song.

Though I have not much more love for the political theories of Thomas Hobbes than I have for those of Karl Marx, the mind of Hobbes, it seems to me, was a much better and more interesting sort of mind than was Marx's. Hobbes did his work at Hardwick; Marx, at the British Museum, where (according to Cunningham Graham) scholars wear out their eyes and lives "for a pittance a dock-wallop would scorn," and where (according to Gissing) the lavatories bear the legend "for casual ablutions only." The humanism of Hobbes' Thucydides bears the mark of Hardwick; the ideological dogma of Marx's *Capital* owes something, perhaps, to the reading-room of the British Museum. But perhaps I am growing fanciful. I mean only to suggest that the "aristocratic virtue" of houses like Hardwick and Chatsworth gave a grace to patronage which great impersonal state institutions and great impersonal charitable foundations do not succeed in reproducing.

These desultory observations of mine do no more than pose a problem. The cultivation of letters and arts is a leisurely activity. For leisurely activity of the higher sort, patrons are necessary. We do not seem to be providing a new order of patrons, and we are abolishing with little hesitation the sources of the old patronage. Our great foundations are in love with humanitarian hustling. Cheerfulness will keep breaking in, however, and I obdurately indulge the hope that one of these days even the great foundations may recognize the principle of culture and the continuing necessity for humane patronage.

Lifting the Ivy Curtain

James M. Shea

THE WALLS OF TODAY'S SCHOOLS, hospitals and other institutions do not seem to invite the luxuriant growth of ivy formerly considered, if not as sacred as the Greeks esteemed it, at least a very appropriate element of the scenery.

The disappearance of the curtain of ivy that once hid the stone and brick exteriors of venerable, 19th-century structures may be taken as symbolic, perhaps, of the mounting interest by administrators of Catholic institutions in good public relations. For the widespread indifference to public opinion that marred the relationship of many institutions with the people they served has been described as an "ivy curtain." And the "ivy curtain," like its botanical prototype, is disappearing.

The idea of public relations as a tool of progress is not exactly sweeping the Church in this country. But it has gained a secure position and it is making itself felt more and more in an increasing number of front offices.

There are possibly three reasons for this growing, occasionally grudging, concession to the need for a positive program of public relations.

One reason is the obvious need for such a program on the part of any organization or institution dealing with the public, seeking funds for continued and expanded operations, trying to convince people of its advantages and create a favorable climate of public opinion.

A second reason is the fact that so many Church leaders, clerical and lay, have been pleading in recent years for such a program.

And the third reason is the development of the public-relations craft—or business—to a high degree of effectiveness and respectability.

LIGHTS UNDER BUSHELS

Anyone who has met a fair number of school principals and superintendents, hospitals and orphanage administrators, pastors, mothers superior, and so on, can only marvel at the aggregate of their charity and holiness. But these and their many other virtues are not always translated into favorable community relations.

Take, for example, the motherhouse of a large religious order. A newsman telephones for information

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about a proposed new building. After the convent telephone has rung for what seems an incredibly long time, a quavery voice announces that this is indeed the motherhouse.

"Mother Superior? I'll see. Who is calling, please?"

There is a long wait, and the quavery voice returns: "What did you wish to speak to Sister about?"

No need to protract this unhappy scene, especially since the newsman may not get the information after all.

There are motherhouses where the opposite is the rule. A competent person answers the phone. Calls are transferred quickly and correctly. Information that ought to be made available to the press is made available. Releases are prepared for the newspapers, and the diocesan newspaper receives at least an even break in these releases.

Then there is the Catholic institution where a cold voice answers the phone. No, he isn't in. You can call back at six o'clock. There is no offer to take a message, no promise of a return call, no involvement at all in the caller's problem.

Often enough the only contact a person will have with an institution will be with the voice that answers the telephone. If it is a voice that speaks from a warm, generous character, a favorable impression is formed.

Of course, as Fr. John J. Flanagan, S.J., executive director of the Catholic Hospital Association, has frequently declared, Catholic institutions must make their employees feel that they are a part of the total organization if they are to possess a decent morale. Otherwise these institutions will be unable to compete with non-religious organizations for "the voice with the smile."

An example of an administrator who understands both the basic reasons for desiring good public relations and some of the ways of achieving them is Msgr. Carl J. Ryan, superintendent of schools for the Archdiocese of Cincinnati. Convinced that the people are vitally interested in the school system he heads—or at least that they ought to be—he takes vigorous measures to keep them informed and interested.

He is accessible to the press, answers questions with an admirable mixture of directness and discretion, and manages to overcome a genuine dislike for personal publicity in order to promote his program. In his relations with the diocesan newspaper, for example, he will take the time to send a note to the editors calling attention to a possible story.

One of the underlying factors in any program of good public relations is the exercise of that queen of social virtues, courtesy. Genuine courtesy surely springs from Christian conviction, for it recognizes in every one the divine image. Christ is seen in the guest, whether he be a salesman, a benefactor, an archbishop, a client, a knave or a fool.

Recently our diocesan paper carried a story about the activity of a secular agency whose work is a form of charity on the natural level. For the agency's name to appear in a Catholic paper was quite unusual. A few days after the story had appeared, there was a warm note of thanks from the head of the agency. Call it "public relations" if you like; I would call it a very gratifying courtesy.

Much of the credit for lifting the ivy curtain must go to the men who have brought the public-relations message to assemblages of Catholic administrators and superintendents. Two years ago, for instance, Bishop John P. Treacy of La Crosse told nuns of 15 religious communities at Viterbo College that 80 per cent of Catholic institutions were "failing in public relations."

And Fr. Joseph A. Hughes, esteemed columnist of the Duluth *Register*, commenting on Bishop Treacy's statement, said: "You could expand this statement to include Catholic parishes, organizations and other religious and ecclesiastical offices."

In its extraordinary "management audit" of the Catholic Church published in January, 1956, the American Institute of Management declared: "Nor does the Church handle its affairs particularly well on the public-information or publicity front. Having first used the word propaganda, the Holy See has failed to utilize the best talent available in this field."

CITIES ON HILLTOPS

What of the local representatives of the Church and of its works of charity and mercy? One of the most telling criticisms of their inadequacy came last year from a Catholic layman who has spent the past 25 years promoting the interests of a Catholic university. Edward P. VonderHaar, assistant to the president of Xavier University in Cincinnati and former president of the American College Public Relations Association, said that too many Catholic institutions fail to enlist community interest and understanding.

"Our Catholic institutions," he said, "whether they are schools, hospitals, homes for the aged, orphanages or even motherhouses and seminaries, are truly public institutions serving the most important needs of society; and all of our citizens, regardless of religious faith, benefit by their activities." But the survival and growth of these institutions, he warned, "may well hinge on the effectiveness of their community-relations programs."

Mr. VonderHaar himself is proof of the effectiveness of a man skilled at interpreting to the public the services of the college he represents. Xavier's community acceptance is enviable, and a great deal of the credit belongs to the intelligent, painstaking, persevering efforts of its public-relations chief. But much credit also

must be given to the line of Xavier presidents who have rightly evaluated the importance of a consistent, positive program of public relations, and who have given a man with professional know-how the necessary room in which to develop that kind of a program and to make it work.

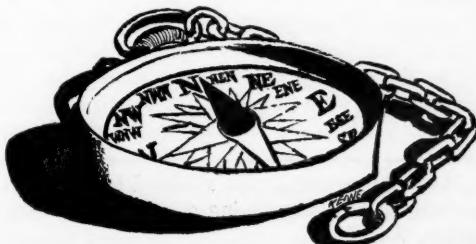
Some administrators of large institutions still do not see what can be accomplished by a skilled public-relations man (or woman), whether it is one of their "own people," full-time or part-time, or someone from an agency who "handles the account." Other administrators seem to see the need, but tend to by-pass the public-relations official or to handicap him with crippling restrictions. A diminishing few still cling to the notion that what they do is nobody else's business.

In the middle of the 20th century there surely ought to be no doubt left concerning the need of achieving, if not an era of good feeling, at least a measurable degree of friction-free communication and understanding between Catholic institutions and the communities in which they operate. As Charles J. McNeill, former president of the Catholic Press Association, told the National Catholic Educational Association at Milwaukee last spring, American Catholics cannot remake the world "by keeping to themselves and talking to one another."

On another occasion, Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati told a conference of religious administrators that their work in education and nursing was "public business," and that therefore they should represent their work adequately to the public. He pointed out that "in many cases, operation of the Catholic school system saves the community considerable tax money, and local leaders should be apprised of this."

Public relations is a means, of course, and not an end. It also has come to mean a growing business, as more and more agencies spring up, especially in the large cities, to serve the communications needs of industry, labor and management groups, athletic-program sponsors, political organizations and communities. Some of the men who called themselves publicity agents, or public relations counselors, no doubt have retarded the acceptance of "outside" agencies by Catholic institutions because of shabby, unskilled or inappropriate methods of operation. But today there is no large city where an administrator cannot choose among capable p.r. men well qualified to interpret to the community the purposes and needs of his institution.

Does this mean that every school, every hospital, every institution ought to engage the services of such an agency? Or hire a man or woman for its own staff



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and build up its own p.r. office? That depends, of course, on the size of the institution, its needs and resources, and the availability and cost of that kind of help, outside or inside the institution.

But there isn't any institution that can afford to ignore the growing need for establishing, developing and maintaining a favorable climate of public opinion. The parochial school in the neighborhood has to be conscious of this just as much as the University of Notre Dame, which has an impressive staff of extremely able p.r. men. The Sisters at a school near Cincinnati, for example, who never fail to invite the teachers from the nearby public school to the major events of the school year, understand public relations, whether they learned it from a veteran publicist or whether, as I suspect, they are merely manifesting the ordinary virtues of their profession.

The institution that can afford one ought by all means to hire a public-relations man who will sympathetically grasp the essence of the institution's work and will not

only present it aptly to the public but also generate in the public a feeling of good will toward the institution. But every institution that serves the public—and most especially those under Catholic auspices—can and ought to accomplish a great deal in the way of good public relations through its ordinary personnel, through its ordinary contacts with the public, through whatever channels of communication are normally available to it.

This means that those in charge must trust the people, must have confidence in the public, must possess a genuinely democratic spirit. They must reach out to the public, not only with the necessary appeals, but with a genuine desire to inform the public, to take people into their confidence, to treat them with genuine respect and reverence.

This is the basis of public relations. This, if you like, is the secret of the craft. It is an open secret, open to anyone not hidden behind an ivy curtain, not bemused by ancient ways of doing things, not afraid to trust the people.

Census for Souls

OUR OWN AMERICAN PARISHES are a missionary field as white to the harvest as any in the world. The lapsed Catholics who represent the grain to be gathered there have been estimated to number in the millions. No mere guesswork, these figures are being verified by studies now going on in the comparatively new field of parish sociology. All that is observable and measurable in the vast problem of leakage from the Catholic Church is being assembled and analyzed. The facts thus revealed deserve our sober attention.

Recent studies made under the direction of Rev. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J., uncovered the disturbing fact that, at least in some areas, approximately one-third of all baptized Catholics become dormant members of the Church. Along with her divine commission to preach the gospel to all men in all times and in all places, the Church has been charged with the grave duty of reclaiming these lost sheep. It is a duty of pre-emptive importance and involves an apostolate worthy of our best efforts.

The problem of bringing fallen-away Catholics back to at least minimal communion with the Church is complicated by the fact that they are not susceptible to the ordinary methods used in gaining converts. Usually the lapsed Catholic has in effect melted into the non-

Sister Mary Ludivine

Catholic mass; he is not readily identifiable, and indeed he resists identification. Most frequently, his reasons for remaining away from the Church are not those that hinder the non-Catholic from entering it; he may have a deep personal grievance, or he may be held back from the sacraments because of an invalid marriage. Besides this, his very estrangement from the Church tends to increase the damaging effects of today's importunate secularism.

It may seem strange that the best method yet found for reaching the lapsed Catholic is that mainstay of parish routine, the census. As a way of reaching those who have fallen away and preparing them for a return to full participation in the Church, and as a means of offering counsel to active Catholics, the census has been invested with fresh life and imbued with a strongly missionary spirit. In many places today it goes far beyond a mere enumeration of parish residents. It is aimed directly at ferreting out the virtually dead cells of the Mystical Body and revivifying them, and also at increasing the "life of Christ" of the entire Catholic community. The census has thus, in the hands of modern apostles, become a basic tool of home missiology and has caused a new awareness of apostolic opportunities near at hand. Already, in a number of dioceses, the "apostolate of the doorbell" has made headlines in the Catholic press and history in the American Church.

The basic idea of a census has come a long way since the third millennium before Christ, when it served the fiscal purposes of the Babylonian kings. An imperial

SISTER MARY LUDIVINE, of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, is currently taking up a parish census in Milwaukee, Wis.

census of the territories governed from Rome served as one of the accidentals in the fulfilling of the Messianic prophecies. The Redeemer came "out of Bethlehem" because Mary accompanied Joseph thither from Nazareth to give census information. And long before that, among the people of Israel, David brought a plague from God upon his peoples when, to swell his royal pride, he had a census made of them. A superstitious interpretation placed upon this last event brought the census into such disrepute that it fell into disuse. In the 18th century a member of the English Commons expressed a fear that an enumeration of His Majesty's subjects might be followed by some "epidemical disaster."

The Church has feared no such general misfortune, and her record as a census-taker is long and fruitful. For her, the census is essential to good administration; hence the maintenance of census reports is canonically required of every diocese. In defining the purpose for which parishes are established, canon law fixes the "cure of souls" as the point of orientation for all pastoral responsibility. Thus, the parochial census has always tended to have a missionary character, and to be something more than a mere "counting."

The mission census involves a systematic, door-to-door check of every dwelling within the parish boundaries. This method attains results not achieved by having those who come to Mass fill out card forms. A true parish census is something more than a list of current contributors to the parish collections; its missionary success depends on painstaking efforts to assure that no one is missed.

The increasing complexity of parish life, especially in our large urban parishes, has made it impossible for many pastors to fulfil the letter of the Church's census requirements, even with the help of a full complement of assistants. As a result the task has been turned over more and more to others—to religious congregations with some interest in census work, to seminarians and often to the laity.

CENSUS AS MISSIONARY TECHNIQUE

Since the earliest days of missionary census methods, lay persons have found in census visitation a satisfying and worth-while outlet for the "apostolic itch." They have made a very real contribution to the field. Their worth is visible, for example, in the outstanding achievements of the Legion of Mary groups, which, particularly in urban parishes, have undertaken a great many census projects.

Lay men and women have supplied the basic manpower for the "blitz" censuses that have been held in many places during the last several years. The "blitz" technique is applied to a large area, sometimes as much as a diocese, and into that area for a brief time goes a well-organized army of lay volunteers whose task is to visit all homes, to inform residents about inquiry classes, to invite them to open-house functions at Catholic churches, and to distribute literature. Generally only one call is made at each dwelling, and residents not at home on that occasion are omitted. The "blitz" census

is usually coordinated with convert work, and has most often been used in areas where Catholics are known to be greatly in the minority. Though limited in scope and specialized in its objectives, this type of census has obtained large numbers of converts and has proved effective in creating among non-Catholics a better understanding of the Church and her work. (See "Come and See," by Most Rev. Charles F. Buddy, AM. 5/17/52)

Seminarians have proved effective census-takers in certain places, but they are usually available during only part of the year and for only part of their seminary careers. Among religious congregations of Sisters, almost all communities that perform social services or do home visitation also take census, at least part-time, or use a census type of approach for some of their apostolic activities. In a few cases some teaching communities have been able to release limited numbers of Sisters for this type of work during the summer months.

CENSUS AS VOCATION

A pioneer in the field of truly therapeutic parish census-taking was the late Mother Mary Teresa Tallon, foundress of the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, a religious community of contemplative missionaries. Her writings reveal her vision of the great missionary need for Sisters to do home visitation, and she worked for many years with the aim of establishing a congregation whose special vocation would be the salvation of souls through the personal visitation of families. In 1920 her immediate aim was realized with the founding in New York City of the first community of Parish Visitors. In parish census work the new community found a tool ideally suited to its unique purpose. Within six months the Parish Visitors were carrying on census visitation in six New York City parishes.

In March, 1921, the pastor of one Manhattan parish where the Parish Visitors were about to begin work stated the purpose of his census as follows: "That all the people may be known, and at the same time whatever may be the need, whether spiritual or temporal of an individual, it may be properly supplied." At that time his statement represented a very advanced concept of the missionary character of parish census work.

Mother Tallon, in speaking before the National Conference of Catholic Charities, meeting in Cincinnati in 1934, said:

The census visitation of families . . . embodies . . . a veritable missionary crusade of Catholic Action. In this family visitation the wayward are instructed and reclaimed to the Church; faithful Catholics are exhorted to become fervent and apostolic; all are urged to contribute by personal interest and service to the upbuilding of the Catholic cause.

During the second and third decades of this century experimental census projects began to develop simultaneously in several parts of the country, and eventually the quinquennial reports of the American bishops began to reflect the missionary effect of the therapeutic census. Hence on June 12, 1941 the Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, ad-

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dressed a letter to all U. S. bishops reminding them of their census-taking obligation and stating that the reminder was being sent to "make pastoral ministry ever more fruitful." The letter leaves no doubt that therapeutic methods of taking census are expected of every parish. "The observance of the law," states the directive, "will form every priest on the model of the Good Shepherd."

CENSUS AS CATHOLIC ACTION

Throughout his letter Archbishop Cicognani reveals the mind of the Church in the field of missionary census. He emphasizes the fact that the pastor and his assistants are the proper census workers. At one point he insists that "the taking of the census by others than priests is but a preparation for the visit of the pastor or his assistant, and can never take its place."

Nevertheless, the Apostolic Delegate recognizes that it is not practical to demand of the parish priest that he personally carry on the detailed and time-consuming work of making a door-to-door check of every dwelling in the parish. The directive adds that "zealous helpers can prepare the faithful to attach greater importance to the visit of the parish priests; they can oftentimes smooth the way in difficult circumstances, so that parishioners will welcome the priest and profit spiritually by his visit."

In a spiritual sense the zealous helpers to whom the archbishop refers must do the work of a trained first-aider, being prepared to identify common spiritual illnesses and injuries and trained to apply the immediate treatment needed before the visit of a priest. A successful census visitation is certain to involve many disclosures of a very personal nature—not infrequently matters of conscience. Persons of integrity are needed as census enumerators and the dangers of scandal must be recognized and guarded against. Lapsed Catholics may be expected to look on visitors in religious habits as official representatives of the Church and are likely to pour out accumulated resentment and a tale of misunderstandings and real or imagined grievances. Willing and patient listening may prove to be the only treatment needed. Then, too, the marginal Catholic is often drawn nearer to the center of parish life through the simple first-aid technique of the census visitation. An inestimable amount of the priest's time can be conserved if he knows from his census report which homes actually require a visit from him and the nature of the problems he will meet on his visits.

The only substantial drawback to the use of religious as census-takers is the extremely limited number of trained personnel. There is an acute need for more vocations to this specialized work, for expanded methods of recruiting aspirants to it, and for a wider dissemination of information to young women searching for a truly apostolic and thoroughly up-to-date form of the missionary apostolate.

Effective "doorbell apostles," be they laity or religious, need to be familiar with the skills of persuasion. They need, too, an appreciation of at least the fundamentals of the art of creating mutual understanding and of the

ways of establishing good relations between the Church and all men, whether Catholic or not. A natural affinity and a healthy sense of humor will make them easy to meet. Their zeal must spring from a sincere concern for souls and an appreciation of the value Christ sets on souls. Beyond all else, they must be true missionaries, fully aware that, while every natural means of achieving success must be used, the "pearl of great price" is purchased only with the coin of heaven. Like all other missionaries, these apostles must be armed with an intellectual conviction that God alone gives the increase.

Beyond all that has been said, there lies the reality of parish census work, a reality far more dramatic than the uninformed may realize. It is all the more likely to be overlooked because it is carried on in our very midst—along the city sidewalks and the country lanes, in modern apartment hotels and in dingy tenements, in thousands upon thousands of American homes. Those who have chosen our parishes as their missionary portion have found a satisfying 20th-century way of heed-ing the admonition of Christ's parable: "Go therefore to the crossroads and invite to the marriage feast whom-ever you shall find."

Studying the Parish

Logically, among the first objects of study in a parish are the size, composition, distribution and trends of change of its population. Identification of the population under study is a necessary preliminary step in any type of social research. Moreover, in order to attack the practical problems of parochial administration, a pastor must certainly know who his people are. The fact that so little exact information is available for all but a relatively small number of American parishes constitutes a major obstacle for parish research, to say nothing of the limitations it places upon pastoral work. As long as these basic data are lacking, it will be virtually impossible to design scientific samples of the Catholic population for intensive studies. . . .

Undoubtedly an important aid and a powerful stimulus to Catholic population studies on the parochial or local level would be the organization of a national statistical or research agency, such as has frequently been proposed. American Catholics have lagged notably behind Europeans in the establishment of such an agency.

Properly executed studies in the future may be expected to employ a dynamic approach, in which the parish will be related to the entire Catholic population of the community, region or nation, as well as to the total population on these levels, both in terms of the current picture and of observable trends.

C. J. Nuesse, in The Sociology of the Parish, edited by C. J. Nuesse and Thomas J. Harte, C.Ss.R. (Bruce, 1951), pp. 211-212.

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Conrad: A Polish Palinurus

Charles A. Brady

WHAT MOST IMPRESSED those who knew Joseph Conrad best in life was the nobility that sets him apart from all other 20th-century writers, with the possible exception of William Butler Yeats. "Fidelity!" said John Galsworthy in 1924, "yes, that is the word which best sums up his life and work." Speaking over the BBC in 1956, Bertrand Russell, one of Conrad's last surviving friends, made much the same point: "His intense and passionate nobility shines in my memory like a star seen from the bottom of a well."

This greatest of all great writers of Polish blood, this man of stoic virtue who was born and died a Catholic, gives no evidence of having either practiced or not practiced his religion during the long middle years; nor has he any overt concern with things Catholic in his books. Yet his habit of imagery is often Catholic; and his great frames of moral and theological reference are ineluctably Catholic, however much the latest Conrad critics may prefer to describe these as archetypal instead.

Joseph Conrad makes more than one claim upon our attention in this first centenary anniversary year of his birth. One of our century's most authentic novelistic geniuses from any point of view, he is the greatest sea novelist in any language—in the end, perhaps, greater even than Melville; and certainly far greater, on this one plane, than Cooper, Loti or Hugo. I should go so far as to call him, in addition, the greatest of political novelists in the line that derives from Dostoevski's insights into political demons. The immense body of good work he left behind is another unique factor in the establishment of his reputation; and it is work that is almost *sui generis*, resembling no other artist's work unless it be Henry James'. He is, finally, the most continuing contemporary of our age's novelists in technique, in sensibility, in prophetic quality.

So it well behooves a new generation of readers to take a second searching look at this enigmatic artist of three languages and as many cultures. Perhaps not the least part of any such attempt—though here and now is neither the time nor place—should be to rescue Conrad from the all-too-confining fetters of the new, who are rapidly becoming the old, critics; and to hand him over at last to the new who, since they stand for the common

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reader, are simultaneously the old readers, in the sense of belonging to the good old central tradition.

Ford Madox Ford spoke truly when he labeled Conrad *homo europaeus sapiens*. He was much more than an English novelist of Polish birth with a strong emotional commitment as well as a heavy debt to French civilization. Yet one cannot afford to overlook the impact of France and, above all, of Poland on his nascent sensibility. Perhaps one laughs today at the very notion of an *âme slave*. Still, what other adjective than Slavic can describe the tumultuous effect of Conrad's surging paragraphs on the reader? Though he hated Dostoevski, whom he called "that grimacing and haunted creature," Conrad's psychological penetration is Dostoevskian, even as his lyricism is akin to Turgenev's, and some of his fussy circumstantiality of detail to Chekhov's. But, when all is said and done, the truest affinity lies with another Polish exile, Chopin. Sometimes it is as if a piano were writing certain of these sentences, each silver epithet as pure and clear as Chopin's raindrop tones in the Majorca études.

VERGILIAN STRAIN

Though it is not really possible to divide all writers into classic and romantic, it is quite within the realm of possibility to divide them into Homeric and Vergilian. Conrad is Vergilian in his romanticism, in his classicism, in his lyricism, above all in the compassionate skepticism—in Wordsworth's phrase, true dignity abides with him here because he can "still suspect, and still revere himself"—whose arid roots are always watered by the tender tears of things. Moreover, he strikes us as Vergilian even in the sphere of his personal destiny. He is the *Aeneid's* helmsman Palinurus with a Polish accent, Palinurus come again.

For Trojan Palinurus, too, was a seaman-exile dreaming at his peril as he drifted over midnight waters. In a magic-drenched passage of the Sixth Book of Vergil's *Aeneid*, the god of sleep, waving a branch dripping with the dew of Lethe, smites Palinurus down from the tiller, down into the mothering sea where he can go on dreaming his underwater dreams. In the case of that strong dreamer, Palinurus-Conrad, not only did those dreams of exile suffer art's sea-change into something rich and strange—an even stranger thing happened. It was life that became the dream to Conrad; and art a kind of waking. Reversing the experience of Aeneas and Odysseus among the shades, Conrad found, when

he returned to Poland in 1914 for the first and last time, that it was the living who were the shadows. *Lord Jim's* forbearing Stein had been right:

A man that is born falls into a dream like a man who falls into the sea. If he tries to climb out into the air as inexperienced people endeavor to do, he drowns—*nicht wahr?* . . . No! I tell you. The way is to the destructive element submit yourself. . . . In the destructive element immerse.

Perhaps the essential clue to Conrad's underlying ambivalence lies in this fact of his triple exile: as a Pole; as a Catholic; as a human spirit possessed of a poignant yearning for the further shore from which man is sunken in life by the estranging fact of original sin. But it is important to note that he is exiled only, not alienated. What has been called Conrad's preoccupation with the problem of moral isolation might more accurately be termed his piercing awareness of fallen man as a spiritual exile.

THE GREAT THEMES

From this same awareness flow Conrad's most obsessive themes. Such are the confrontation of archetypal innocence by archetypal evil in *Victory*; the juxtaposition, at the end of *The Secret Agent*, of the incorruptible madman, who menaces the City of Man, with the chance glimpse—so like the end of *Paradise Lost*—of the man and woman embracing “with a loverlike and homeless aspect in the miserable night”; man's doubleness beneath an implacable sky.

These themes, of course, always move and have their being under the overarching theme of a fundamentally tragic view of the human condition; of “man, the heart of man, and human life”; of life's perpetual incompleteness—the “incomplete joy, the incomplete sorrow, the incomplete rascality or heroism, the incomplete suffering”—all caught, in a blinding moment of cinematographic vision, by a thinking, feeling camera eye, whose relentless focus is intended, “before all, to make you see.”

Where Conrad differs from other novelists before him and most novelists after him—Graham Greene happens to be his most assiduous disciple—is in his making the protagonist of tragedy his novelistic hero, with the narrator serving as an ultra-psychological Greek chorus. Moreover, as in *Hamlet* and in the medieval allegory of *Everyman*, such an antihero as Lord Jim is not only “one of us”; he is we and we are he. Other novels are other people; Conrad's are ourselves. Christian walks through the Valley of Humiliation, his soul still in debate, beset by figures of evil, companioned by figures of



good—more often than not these latter are women embodying earthly love at its purest.

Where else in 20th-century fiction does one find such creatures of irredeemable evil as the Professor, Gentleman Brown, Nikita-Necator, *Under Western Eye's* rouged witch-hag in the Geneva salon, worst of all, that walking death, Mr. Jones of *Victory*? Where such images of immittigable corruption as *Lord Jim's* Chester, the guano man, and his hideous crony, Captain Robinson? A soul in debate is still “one of us”; a soul that has declared for the dark standard is become forever “one of them.”

Another thing that sets Conrad apart from his literary peers is the unfailingly imperial quality of his phrasing—I refuse to call such serene splendor rhetoric. Incidentally, this sheer magnificence of epithet more than mitigates his skepticism; and it is accompanied by a sense of moral magnificence—as Marlow puts it, in Jim's case, a “magnificence that besets our insignificant footsteps in good and in evil”—which dowers man's insignificance with significance and relieves Conrad of the naïveté that renders Hardy's fatalism so childlike.

This pervasive skepticism is never the last word in the novels, anyway. Even Marlow, considering Jim, concludes that all our illusions “I suspect to be visions of remote unattainable truths, seen dimly . . . the truth disclosed in a moment of illusion.” Earth's mystery play, as Conrad noted in a letter to Arthur Symons, may be a “play with an obscure beginning and an unfathomable dénouement.” Nevertheless it goes on in a temple; and Conrad affirms that he has always “approached the object of my task, things human, in a spirit of piety.”

MORE THAN SKEPTICISM

Besides, Conrad's skepticism is grounded in suffering, never in scorn. Like Decoud, in *Nostromo*, his “sadness was the sadness of a skeptical mind.” Unlike the suicidal Decoud, however, he did not view “the universe as a succession of incomprehensible images.” Quite to the contrary, he reduced the universe to esthetic and moral comprehension through the very medium of images, and exorcised despair with a holy ikon of imagery. In the last analysis, one decides that skepticism is too strong a word for Conrad's delicate confrontation of the enigmas of human existence. Perhaps, in the end, it would be more accurate to speak of this skepticism of his as irony: a sophisticated, almost overcivilized Slavic irony that is so much deeper than any irony English or American—or even French—writers are capable of.

In any event, if one may be permitted to invent a term, as a novelist Joseph Conrad is best described as a melodramatist-ironist who, on his own confession, possesses a “romantic sense for the real,” an “asceticism of sentiment, in which alone the naked form of truth . . . can be rendered without shame,” and a devotion to what he always called “ideal values.”

Each reader will make his own list of Conrad's books that seem to survive best. Though I realize their limitations, I have a special affection for the not so very highly regarded *Almayer's Folly*, *Outcast of the Islands* and *The Rescue*; and for that Balzacian *nouvelle* about two

Napoleonic officers, *The Duel*. Virginia Woolf, who is never to be lightly regarded, always plumped for the middle masterpieces: *Youth*, *Typhoon*, *Lord Jim*, *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*. More recent criticism prefers *The Heart of Darkness*, *Nostromo*, *Chance*, *Victory*, *The Shadow Line*, *The Secret Sharer*, *The End of the Tether*.

The political novels must be accorded a cachet all their own; and, for a special reason, it seems to me that that very complex masterpiece *The Heart of Darkness* must also be included in any listing of the political fiction. Rejected at first—this is particularly true of *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*—because they lay so outrageously outside the political experience of their earliest readers, events have long since caught up with the incisive pessimism of their sardonic author. Today we are more inclined to marvel at Conrad's clairvoyance than to jib, as the reading world once did, at the harshness of his insights into the macabre flora and fauna of what he finely called "the terroristic wilderness."

THE SIMPLE CORE

Nostromo might almost be said to represent the most inexorable judgment ever pronounced in art on capitalism as an ethical system; and the verdict is the more inexorable precisely because the disillusioned realist who rendered it has absolutely no axe to grind. It is also a clear-sighted and implacable estimate of what we would one day come to think as of Latin Fascism. I have always thought that *Heart of Darkness* is hauntingly prescient of National Socialism's future appeal to the dark gods of blood and earth. Poor Kurtz who, in a horrible way, remains "one of us" to the very brink of the abyss is also the first Nazi—and several decades before the terrible event.

Both *Nostromo* and *Heart of Darkness* are, naturally, much more than political parables. *Under Western Eyes* and *The Secret Agent* (the latter book is probably the most brilliant *tour de force*, technically speaking, Conrad ever attempted) must stand and fall as political novels, purely and simply. They succeed, on this difficult plane, in the most dazzling fashion. Beside them the novels of Koestler and Malraux are, as it were, the novels of talented children.

In the end, though, one finds oneself returning to *Lord Jim*—the most lovable, surely, if not necessarily the greatest of Conrad's books; to Jim who is—like Adam and ourselves—a romantic weakling in the face of the dark powers, and a hero, too; one must never forget that complementary fact. Conrad puts it imitably: "Tuan Jim: as one might say—*Lord Jim*." For we are all of us great Lords, though recreant to a greater one at times. We come back with affection to Marlow, too: wish-fulfilment stoic of our romantic attitudinizing; analyst of man's insoluble mystery; merciful confessor-casuist; compassionate chorus; Ancient Mariner with un-glittering eye. With him as commentator we stare again on the hero-light that shines blood-red over Patusan, when Jim goes to meet, in death, the bridal opportunity which, at last, "like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side."

One can hardly go further—even James Joyce does not—down the road of narrative sophistication than Conrad does with Marlow in *Lord Jim* and, most particularly, in *Chance*. Yet with Marlow—Conrad describes him in *Chance*, remember, as a psychologist Leatherstocking tracking down motives in a more than redskin wilderness—the narrative wheel has come full circle back to the teller of tales in the Eastern market.

And what does he tell these incomparable tales about, however subtle the manner of the telling? Why, about the "very few simple ideas; so simple that they must be as old as the hills," on which "the world, the temporal world, rests. . . . It rests notably, amongst others, on the idea of Fidelity." Yes, one of the most hauntingly attractive juxtapositions in Conrad is the way he confronts the primitive with the sophisticated; our 20th century—and his 19th, for he was a man of two centuries—with the unrecorded ages of timeless saga; Bloomsbury with Malaya; Homer and Vergil with Freud and Marx.

But, even more than to these great qualities, in the end we return always to beauty. What beauty there is in these many matchless tales! Joseph Conrad's effect begins in nobility; it ends in beauty. Through his stories, as through the conversations his Tomassov heard in the Napoleonic salon of "The Warrior's Soul," there flow "like a mysterious strain of music the assertion, the power, the tyranny of sheer beauty." It is a tyranny to which we freely submit ourselves; and it will remain the shining fountainhead of Conrad's enduring authority over the discriminating imaginations of the present and the future.

The Portrait

She found a drawing made of me when young
And copied it intensely line by line
To give the portrait colour
From darkest eaves of recollected years
Just as I was—hair of rebellious gold,
Mouth peony-rich and proud, cheeks pale with thought,
Head bowed a little with its music's burden—
And every stroke put in it
Was Love's, I knew was Love's, as if she would
Have forced her heart's blood, drop by painful drop,
Through fineness of a brush-point
So to restore from ravage what I was.

Impossible task, for that lost self of mine
Is less recapturable than dreams of clouds
That hued last April's waters.
But as she worked and as I watched, there crept
Over her face and her defeated hands
A shine not wholly sundown's,
But something of the unearthly light that finest
Pencil must ever fail of, yet I saw
When long ago I met her.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

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BOOKS

Catholic Action in the Southern Ferment

THE GOLDEN DOOR

By Katherine Burton. Kenedy. 329p. \$3.75

The life career of Mother M. Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Negroes, is a major episode in the history of the United States. It is a crucial chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in this country. On the author's own acknowledgment, to sum up in so brief a space so multiple a career was really an impossible task, but Mrs. Burton has certainly risen to the challenge by making it a labor of love. She gives us a solid, intensely interesting, fluently written and moving biography. She combines the straightforward recital of Mother Katharine's broadscoped enterprises, myriad personal contacts and interests with a convincing picture of her genuine humanity and disarming simplicity that baffled anyone who tried to put her on a pedestal.

She certainly deserved such a position when on October 12, 1932 Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, assisted by Archbishop Shaw, head of the Archdiocese of New Orleans, dedicated the most impressive of her numberless creations: Xavier University in New Orleans, the first Catholic university for Negroes in the United States. Mother Drexel was 73 years old at the time but, says Mrs. Burton, "it was quite obvious she was not tired and that she was taking joy in what she did." A detail was characteristic—this reviewer can vouch for it, as he was then present:

A large concourse of people attended this ceremony—prelates, religious lay people, students. A platform had been erected for the notables, but Mother Katharine was not among them. There were so many important people there that she knew she would not be missed. She watched the proceedings from a window on the third floor of the science building.

Mother Drexel's story was the opposite of the conventional American "rags to riches." Heiress to the income of a great fortune, member of one of the most prominent families of the time, "Catherine Drexel, called in religion Sister Mary Katharine," promised to God before Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia

on February 12, 1891 "poverty, chastity and obedience, and to be the mother and servant of the Indians and colored people"; nor would she undertake any work that might "lead to the neglect and abandonment of the Indians and colored races."

It may seem strange to refer to Mother Drexel, a miracle of incessant activity, as a great contemplative; yet the cloistered life was her goal until her memorable audience with Pope Leo XIII, who suggested she herself might be a missionary. It was to a woman who lived and traveled in the spirit of the much-voyaging Teresa of Avila, that her same Archbishop Ryan had to lay down the order to take at least one hot



meal a day when on the road, and to spend the night in a sleeping car and not in a day-coach.

Alone, armed with the grace of God and limitless trust in His goodness, Katharine Drexel faced two of the most formidable obstacles any man or woman could encounter in our times: the governmental skulduggery and violent anti-Catholic bigotry that under President Benjamin Harrison beset the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the mountains of distrust, indifference and even hatred, even among Catholics, that confronted anyone who espoused the quixotic cause of educating Negro youth.

Passionately affectionate, natural lover of finery and the good things of life, M.M.K. sought her power from above. From behind the tabernacle's golden door she sought the grace to fulfil the work God had chosen for her: "to develop in the Indians and Negroes of America the character and high ideals of citizenship with which our

forefathers built the republic," and to arouse irrevocably the American people, and particularly American Catholics, to their high responsibility for this task. How she accomplished this and what so many great souls of our time thought about her work is the theme of this absorbing narrative. JOHN LAFARGE

THE JOURNAL OF A SOUTHERN PASTOR

By J. B. Gremillion. Fides. 305p. \$3.95

Heroes and mighty deeds have a way of bunching together within brief spans of time or tiny corners of this earth. Chances are that future Church historians will want to record the appearance of such a clustering in the mid-20th-century Church of our Deep South. Rummel, De Blanc, Plauché, Bordelon, Siguar, Tracy, Schexnayder: so the roll call reads. And behind each name is a story of courage, vision and the keenest intellectual and spiritual enterprise.

Surely the Southern pastor, whose journal here opens to us the hopes and dreams, the hard-bought lessons, the successes and searing frustrations of one who labors not merely for the six hundred families of St. Joseph's parish, Shreveport, La., but for the Church across a world, must find room on such a list.

Fr. Gremillion did not attempt to order his notes and jottings into an elaborate unity. Had he wanted to, it is probable that the Pauline urgency of his days and nights would not have permitted it. Yet the varied tempo of his lines, now that of a hasty letter from a far-off land, again of a leisurely reflection in late evening solitude, succeeds admirably in imparting a sense of his pastoral concern and of the remarkable vitality that characterizes his Southern parish. Problems of a liturgical revival, desegregation, fund-raising, the care of Christ's poor and afflicted, endless queries on Church and State, religion and science, natural law, all find place in this kaleidoscope of two crowded years.

Much as it tells us of St. Joseph's parish, the journal tells more, indirectly, of its author's dedication to the path of "study, reason and deliberation," which Fr. LaFarge in his preface describes as the "ancient, normal path to the knowledge of the truth." Along this path, illuminated by his wide reading and contact with great Catholic thinkers, Fr. Gremillion leads souls entrusted to his care. This is indeed a hard discipline, yet it is a part of a history-making episode. For this is not merely

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the story of a parish come alive, but of a whole region of the Church fermenting with the most vital of modern trends in Catholic thought and action.

As it has been for those fortunate enough to have had firsthand experience of the new Church in the South, the conception of a Catholicism shackled by local tradition, embarrassed by past history of Catholic attitudes toward the Negro, hampered by a defensive posture dictated by its pronounced minority status, will be considerably altered by a reading of this book. It is indeed good that some ray of light should fall on the unsung labor and devotion of a clergy, distinguished in its leaders and rank and file, who have brought this change to pass.



Any exclusive focus on the role of the clergy in this Catholic renaissance or revolution would, of course, draw immediate criticism from Fr. Gremillion. A keynote to much of the thought and activity recorded from these busy years of his pastorate is the concept of an active laity as a prime element in a living Church.

In this respect, too, this book will supply a needed corrective to possible misunderstanding about the Church in the South. Recent headlines, unfortunately, may exaggerate the tragic dimensions of a self-willed, rebellious opposition to much of what Fr. Gremillion and his colleagues uphold in the area of interracial relations and in a new understanding of the Church's relation to man in society. That the Church can count in the main on the enthusiastic and self-sacrificing support of a loyal, intelligent laity is amply demonstrated by the experience of St. Joseph's pastor.

What lies ahead for the Southern parish? Disappointments and setbacks have been honestly reported to date. Yet the reader cannot help but be imbued with the spirit of Christian hope that breathes through this account. What counts in the long run, as Fr.

LaFarge well remarks, is the "sincerity, humility and perseverance of our effort." That these qualities flourish in the Catholic Church of the South is amply testified to by *The Journal of a Southern Pastor*.

DONALD R. CAMPION

Conservatism Impotent?

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO CONSERVATISM

By Russell Kirk. Devin-Adair. 122p. \$2.75

The present work is "a tract for the times." It makes no pretense to be exhaustive. It is an outline of the views of American conservatives, especially those defended by Mr. Kirk in his earlier and more elaborate works. It is primarily addressed to the fair sex. Women are conservative by instinct, the author asserts. But their intuitive adherence to conservative principles should be fortified by rational analysis. This book attempts to provide that analysis.

Mr. Kirk has produced a very readable volume. A series of short chapters deals with such themes as religion, the family, government, private property, individuality and education. Along the way, the opponents of conservative thought—liberals, radicals and collectivists—are called to judgment and convicted. Whatever else one may say about the author, it must be granted that he has a facile pen.

What is a conservative? Half-jestingly, Kirk quotes the definition of Ambrose Bierce from the latter's *Devil's Dictionary*: "A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the liberal, who wishes to replace them with others." There is a grain of truth in this definition. The conservative does not believe a perfect world is possible, and he is against reformers who would make over the present order of things at the expense of basic traditional values.

Of course, men like Mr. Kirk have a point. The world is threatened today by a universal and annihilating collectivism. There are, moreover, liberals—including American liberals—whose secularism has blinded them to the importance of religion and tradition for human society. To the extent that the conservatives assail such evils, they deserve applause.

But the perennial objection to the position of the American conservatives persists: are they really coming to grips with the problems facing mankind in this era of change? Mr. Kirk, for example, argues eloquently for local autonomy in political life and against encroachments of the Federal Govern-

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ment. But how does this solve the problem of discrimination against the Negroes in Mississippi? Again, he hurls some barbs at the "world-planners." But does this negative approach contribute to the urgent problems arising from increasing world unity in a nuclear age? There is, unfortunately, a nostalgic air of mid-Victorianism in the program of the American conservatives.

Pope Pius XII recently advocated the razing of European slums—by the state, if necessary. Such advocacy tends to make the American conservative shudder. But who would deny that the papacy is, at the same time, immersed in tradition? The Pontiff's stand highlights the contrast between a tradition at grips with actuality, and a tradition—that of the American conservative—which appears impotent before the problems of the hour. Mr. Kirk is too learned and too discerning a man to rest long content with his present position.

FRANCIS E. McMAHON

Kingsize Job**THE KING RANCH**

By TOM LEA. Maps and drawings by the author. Research, Holland McCombs. Annotation, Francis L. Fugate. Little, Brown. 2 vol. 838p. \$17.50

Set against a broad historical background, this is a chronicle of an American family's imagination, energy, sense of responsibility and extraordinary achievement in a hereditary enterprise. In its literary character and in its treatment of the larger historical aspects of its subject, Tom Lea's new book is a masterpiece.

Its general scene was viewed in the 1530's by Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who with three companions wandered across its flat expanses after shipwreck in the Gulf of Mexico. "All over the land are vast and handsome pastures," wrote Nuñez, as Mr. Lea quotes him, "with good grass for cattle; and it strikes me the soil would be very fertile were the country inhabited and improved by reasonable people."

The land was the grand littoral of the Texas Gulf Coast and its inland reaches. Nearly three-quarters of a million acres there belong now to the King Ranch. Founded by Capt. Richard King just over a century ago, the ranch has ever since been a demonstration of what can be accomplished by "reasonable people" with respect for man's great heritage in the land.

The subject of cattle-ranching and its related industries is of first im-

tance in U. S. history. It is one of the leading themes of the final settlement and pacification of the West. Its leading human type—the cowboy—is romanticized as a folk-hero not only at home but elsewhere in the world. Supply and consumption of beef figure large in the modern economy.

All such varied subjects are related to Mr. Lea's rich and beautifully clear history, for it was with the King Ranch that the ranching industry as we know it today had its beginning. This book, then, while it is a group biography of a fascinating family, is also a dissertation on the history of ranching and its technique. In support of both purposes, the book carries 19 appendices dealing with matters of documentary and technical interest which could not readily be integrated into the flow of Mr. Lea's shapely design for the main text.

The work falls into two volumes according to a natural division. Volume one covers the life of the founder, Capt. Richard King (1824-1885). Volume two completes the chronicle from his death to the present, when the Kleberg family preside over the enterprise. Robert J. Kleberg Sr. married Capt. King's youngest daughter, Alice, in 1886.

As the history of a man is likely to be more arresting than that of an institution, so we tend to find Vol. 1 the more rewarding of the two in literary and historical values. Capt. King was a most vital man, and Mr. Lea brings him alive most wonderfully. It is to the author's great credit that as he describes in Vol. 2 the evolution of a rugged, one-man enterprise into a wideflung corporate empire of the land-industry, he continues to hold our interest. After the broad, historical sweep of the first volume, Mr. Lea in the second solves with tact and artistry the problem of handling present-day personalities and policies, while keeping for us the sense of impressive, continuous history.

Close study of the past century of the lower Rio Grande was required of Mr. Lea in making his word portraits of Capt. King and his heirs. The result is the fullest, most vivid and true account known to this reviewer of the place and period. Rio Grande steamboating, Mexican War maneuvers, private border wars, smuggling techniques of the 19th century, the Civil War cotton trade in Mexican waters, the Diaz and Villa revolutions, and a dozen other topics make a lively and highly relevant background for the King-Kleberg story.

The work abounds in secondary sketches of wonderfully interesting men and women—Mifflin Kenedy, Henrietta King, Legs Lewis, Henry Kinney, Capt.

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McNelly of the Rangers, and the border bravos, Cortina and Canales, to name a few.

Nowhere has Mr. Lea written more beautifully and expressively than in this work. His gift of phrase can be caught from an example or two.

"A branding iron became the very hallmark of Texas"; on a roundup, men stood forth in "the knife-edged light and the glare-edged dust"; and, suggesting the history of a thousand frontier towns in seven words, "Corpus Christi lost color and gained solidity." From an account-book of the ranch's first year, with its matter-of-fact lists of expenditures, Mr. Lea is able to distil a statement so evocative and lovely as this: ". . . the terse entries stand in ledger lines like flickers of light seen through apertures too narrow to reveal and too wide to hide exactly what happened behind the wall of the past. . . ."

His vision comes to us in his second medium, too, for he has made chapter headings and many full page drawings, some symbolic, some in portraiture, others in landscape, to show us visually the people and places of his chronicle. The drawings are handsomely done, in Mr. Lea's best graphic style, to wed with typography.

His longtime collaborator and fellow-townsmen, Carl Hertzog, designed the book in close cooperation with the author-illustrator, and personally saw it through the press in El Paso. The result is an example of bookmaking which will not soon be met by its equal in American trade publishing.

The scholarly apparatus—evidence of Mr. McComb's research, the annotation by Mr. Fugate and the index—is all admirable.

PAUL HORGAN

MEN AND POWER: 1917-1918

By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 448p. \$6.50

A vitally important element in modern warfare is the impact of military operations on the home front. Yet in almost all of the standard accounts of World War I, this subject has not received the attention it deserves. Herein lies the chief value of this first of three volumes of Lord Beaverbrook's memoirs.

The author is well qualified to give an account of the conduct and dispositions of the leading figures in Britain who were responsible for the higher direction of the war. Though he did not obtain office in the Lloyd George Government until the last year of the war, Lord Beaverbrook knew and worked with all the principal characters about whom he writes. Frequently he

was called upon by the Prime Minister for special, delicate missions which gave him a front-row view of the innumerable clashes of personality.

The book, however, is not the usual recital of gossip bits of governmental chit-chat interspersed with cynical debunking and smart-aleck wisecracking. Lord Beaverbrook has obviously approached his subject in dead earnest; and while he might have written a livelier book, he has definitely given a record that will be of real value to the historians of future generations.

The dominating element in the political crises which followed one after the other, almost to the day of final victory, was the conflict between the soldiers and the politicians. The former demanded freedom from political restraint; the latter insisted that political direction and civilian control were essential.

Two of Lloyd George's strongest opponents were Lord Northcliffe, the most powerful newspaper potentate of his time, and Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the Admiralty until 1917, when he became a member of the War Cabinet. Both men were well situated to rally behind themselves the various malcontents who would welcome the chance to embarrass the Lloyd George Administration by denouncing the politicians and praising the generals. Lord Northcliffe, the author reveals, even went so far as to declare in favor of something approaching a dictatorship of the high command.

Lord Beaverbrook tells how these and other storms were weathered by the government. He has not relied solely on his own recollections, however, for he makes extensive use of his unrivaled collection of documents and personal papers of the politicians of the time, many of these hitherto unpublished. The result is a vigorous, judicious, well-documented account of an important chapter of Britain's role in World War I.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

By Andre Maurois. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 598p. \$7.50

This is an enlarged edition of *The Miracle of France*, published in 1948. New material on the Fourth Republic and the postwar years has been added, but the general conclusions remain unchanged. The history of the French people has been a dramatic one, which Maurois qualifies as a "lasting miracle."

Maurois loves people and loves to write about people. His valuable studies of the French Romantics have given us a new insight into the 19th-century

A HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT

Volume I

By

HUBERT JEDIN

Translated by

Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B.

\$15.00

THIS VOLUME represents the first stage of the translation into English of the important *Geschichte des Konzils von Trent* by Hubert Jedin, professor of Medieval and Modern Church history at the University of Bonn. It is the first comprehensive work on the Council of Trent for some three hundred years that sets out to be a work of history and not of religious propaganda on one side or the other.

In the present volume Professor Jedin traces the attitude of the Church to the question of a General Council, from the dissolution of the Council of Basle to the assembly of the Council of Trent one hundred years later; and the repercussions on this attitude of the Reformation in Germany. He sets the negotiations that finally led to the assembly of the Council in the wider perspective of the political struggle between Hapsburg Empire and France.

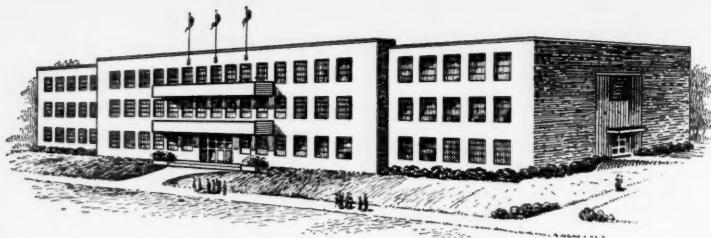
Dom Graf has translated this first installment of what promises to be a monumental work of scholarship into lucid and readable English. The work will be completed in eight books comprising four volumes. Books I and II are contained in this volume.

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS

LAS	Liberal Arts	E	Engineering
AE	Adult Education	FS	Foreign Service
C	Commerce	G	Graduate School
D	Dentistry	IR	Industrial
Ed	Education	J	Journalism
		L	Law

M	Medicine	Sp	Speech
N	Nursing	Officers Training Corps	
P	Pharmacy		
S	Social Work		
Se	Relations	AROTC Army	
Sy	Science	NROTC Navy	
	Seismology	AFROTC Air Force	
	Station		

literary world. As an historian, he concentrates on the procession of people who have formed the destiny of France. He does not give us a chauvinistic history, but a humble one. The pinnacles of glory are indicated with legitimate pride and the humiliations and low points are cited with no attempt at excusing his compatriots.

Civil wars, invasions and economic disturbances have many times predicted the imminent downfall and bankruptcy of France, but each time, a hidden resource of vigor or of courage has welled forth to renew the land. Joan of Arc was such a miracle, "the most obvious sign of the protection granted by Christ to the oldest daughter of the Church."

As we read Maurois' history, the protection still perdures down to the present but the accent is shifted from divine protection to an intense desire to live. Maurois concludes that the perennial vigor and rebirth of France is due to a "steadfast faith the French have in their own destiny, this certainty that France cannot perish." This certitude is explained by the memory of a long and glorious past.

In a world where giant new nations are arising, France necessarily is playing a smaller part than ever before. Maurois' humble admission of the fact is a healthy sign, because from the acceptance of this reduced status, France may renew herself once again. At this moment, France is in a confused economic state and if ever there was need of a "miracle," it is now.

Maurois does not mention the fact of Lourdes. Since the apparition of our Lady to Bernadette one hundred years ago, untold graces have poured down on France and innumerable miracles have testified to this visible proof of the love of God for the oldest daughter of the Church. The miracle that may save France and restore her to her position of former prominence may be the humble admission of the sovereignty of God and a return to religious duties.

Maurois is very frugal in including statistics in his history. He does give figures on the present spiritual state of France. Of 40 million born Catholics, over 2 million remain altogether outside the Church and some 30 million are content with the traditional four fold visits to church. Eight million are regular churchgoers.

The difficult secondary role that is now allotted to France in the present-day distribution of international politics could be carried out much more nobly if the guiding principle of their ancestors in medieval times were followed

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today: "a civilization which set up as the end of life, of the family, of marriage, of trade, of art, not happiness but salvation." J. D. GAUTHIER

SOJOURN OF A STRANGER

By Walter Sullivan. Holt. 316p. \$3.95

Mr. Sullivan's theme is distinctive and challenging. His central character is the son of a scion of a proud and landed Tennessee family who has defied tradition, prior to the Civil War, by marrying Lucy Martineau, an octoroon from New Orleans. Allen Hendrick's heritage is the knowledge that, in spite of his completely Caucasian characteristics, he

REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., associate editor of AMERICA, is author of *The Catholic Viewpoint on Race Relations* (Hanover House).

FRANCIS E. McMAHON is a former president of the American Catholic Philosophical Association.

PAUL HORGAN, Pulitzer Prize and Campion Award winner, has written of the U. S. Southwest in *The Centuries of Santa Fe* (Dutton) and *Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History* (Rinehart).

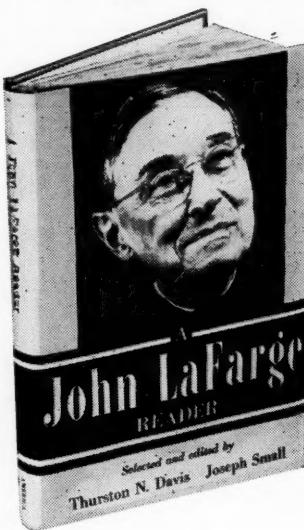
CHARLES P. BRUDERLE is associate professor of history at Villanova University.

will always be subject to the taunt of "nigger." Even after he wins his grandfather's heart and inherits the great Hendrick estate above the river, he is not completely accepted. This is hardest to bear when he falls in love with Katherine Rutledge from neighboring Roseneath farm and is denied her father's permission to marry.

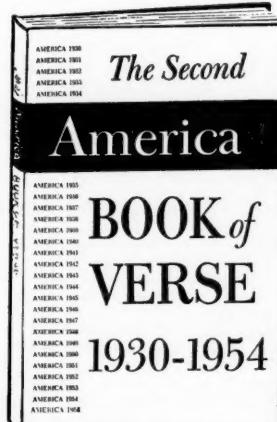
When the war breaks out, Allen extracts a promise from the old Captain that he may marry Kate when the war is won. But Kate's brother denies the promise and swears to prevent the marriage. With this basic plot, author Sullivan builds a well-constructed novel that effortlessly tells the stories of all the major principal characters, particularly of the unfortunately chivalrous Major Hendrick, Allen's father.

But the whole structure seems to collapse in the last fifty pages. Is this because the story was hurried to its conclusion? Apparently, Mr. Sullivan did not wish to solve his problem optimistically by letting true love finally take its

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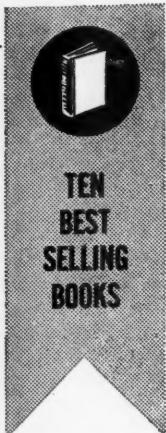
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America's BOOK-LOG



SEPTEMBER

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HARPER, \$3.95
By Jim Bishop
2. **CROWN OF GLORY**
HAWTHORN, \$4.95
By Hatch & Walshe
3. **THE CASE OF CORNELIA CONNELLY**
PANTHEON, \$3.75
By Juliana Wadham
4. **RAFAEL, CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL**
BRUCE, \$3.95
By Marie C. Buehrle
5. **A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION**
HANOVER HOUSE, \$4
By Philip Hughes
6. **INNER SEARCH**
SHEED & WARD, \$3
By Hubert Van Zeller
7. **THE POPE SPEAKS**
PANTHEON, \$4.50
By Michael Chinigo
8. **AS GOLD IN THE FURNACE**
BRUCE, \$3.75
By Sister M. Fidelis
9. **THE WALLED GARDEN**
MACMILLAN, \$4
By Hugh Ross Williamson
10. **THE NUN'S STORY**
ATLANTIC—LITTLE, BROWN, \$4 *By Kathryn Hulme*

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CHICAGO, The Thomas More Association, 210 W. Madison St.
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CINCINNATI, Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., 210 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND, Catholic Book Store, 906 Superior Ave.
CLEVELAND, William Taylor Son & Co., 630 Euclid Ave.
COLUMBUS, Cathedral Book Shop, 205 E. Broad St.
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DENVER, James Clarke Church Goods House, 1633 Tremont Pl.
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DETROIT, Van Antwerp Catholic Library and Pamphlet Shop, 1232 Washington Blvd.
HARTFORD, Catholic Library of Hartford, 138 Market St.
HOLYOKE, Catholic Lending Library and Bookshop, 94 Suffolk St.
KANSAS CITY, Catholic Community Bookshop, 301 East Armour Blvd.
LOS ANGELES, C. F. Horan & Co., 120 W. 2nd St.
Louisville, Rogers Church Goods Co., 129 S. 4th St.
MANCHESTER, N. H., Book Bazaar, 410 Chestnut St.
MILWAUKEE, The Church Mart, 779 N. Water St.
MINNEAPOLIS, Catholic Gift Shop, 37 South 8th St.
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NEW YORK, Ave Maria Shop, 11 Barclay St.

NEW YORK, Benziger Bros., Inc., 6-8 Barclay St.
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course; for Kate refuses to marry when Allen returns from the war to find his home burned to the ground, the work of a pitifully envious old Negro freedman who has blamed the Major and his son for the loss of a considerable fortune in a disastrous speculation. Nevertheless, this is a remarkably well-written first novel with a fine feeling for the ante-bellum South in middle Tennessee and for some well-rounded characterizations.

R. F. GRADY

THE WORD

And he said, Young man, I say to thee, rise up. And the dead man sat up, and spoke; and Jesus gave him back to his mother. (Luke 7:14;15; Gospel for the 15th Sunday after Pentecost)

What a perfect little narrative this Gospel is! The story is told so swiftly, so sharply, yet with such simplicity and tenderness that the reader is apt to be moved surprisingly as once again, in the Sunday Gospel, he encounters, if we may use the language of modern journalism, the widow of Naim and Friend.

Indeed, this brief chronicle of a single event in our Saviour's life is so ideally what we wish to hear, that it may easily become subtly seductive. We may be led by this very special miracle into a way of thought that would be perfectly sincere, and yet woefully inaccurate. We would all like to picture Christ our Lord as majestically blocking the approach of sullen death as it moves dreadfully against one whom we love. And that is *not* the meaning of this day's Gospel.

It is obvious that the Incarnate Word did not come to our earth in order to eliminate from human experience and therefore from human calculation the harsh fact of physical death. If it were so, then our Saviour's mission was manifestly a failure. No, but our Redeemer has completely altered the stubborn twin facts of pain and death by showing that they simply are not what they seem. This signal triumph Christ our Lord achieved in the most astonishing but conclusive way: by actually bearing and conquering pain and death in His own Person, or, more exactly, in His own humanity.

So we may indeed admire and love the miracle of the widow's son without at all forgetting that the widow's son did die later on; as did his mother. As did risen Lazarus, and—perhaps when a very old lady who had always cher-

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ished one shining memory—the young daughter of Jairus.

The real significance of the wonder of Naim is threefold. First, the Lord Christ demonstrates that we are not to be deceived by His tolerance of death, whether in others or in Himself. He is the Lord: He is the absolute Master of life and death, and physical life neither begins nor ends except at His nod.

Next, and as St. Augustine noted long ago, the miracle of the widow's son is symbolic. The true death that Christ, the author of life, came to overthrow is spiritual death: the death of the soul by serious sin. The true life to which Christ raises men by His word of vivifying mercy is the supernatural life of sanctifying grace. In this deeper symbolism, the young man is the sinner and his weeping mother is the Church. Significantly, the forgiven sinner is not only restored by Christ to life, but is given back by Christ to the Church.

Finally, there can be no doubt about the portrayal here of the tender compassion of the Heart of Christ. No one, not even the heartbroken mother, asked our Lord in any way for this stupendous display of divine power. It all happened quite simply, and as it were, spontaneously on the part of our Saviour. When the Lord saw her, He had pity on her, and said, Do not weep. The miracle followed at once.

Even if the miraculous part of the story of the widow of Naim had not been recorded by the Holy Spirit, it would be good—would it not?—just to know that Christ our Lord once said to a desolate human being, Don't cry.

VINCENT P. McCORRY, S.J.

RECORDINGS

Calypso Holiday gets off to a bounding start with a breathtaking rendition of "Calypso Carnival" by the Norman Luboff Choir. The fun and excitement continue in one form or another for eleven more songs, "Pig Knuckles and Rice," "Sound de Fire Alarm," and so on. The choir sings with proper abandon, and their precision is enviable, though the percussion accompaniment at times gets on the nerves (Col. CL 1000).

One is reluctant to term the latest disk of Fred Fennell and the Eastman-Rochester "Pops" a mere demonstration piece, for the particular music presented here (Lecuona, Granados, Fernandez, Falla, et al.), though generally short on profundity, happens none the less to be long on fresh rhythms, tone color and

melody. The title of the record, *Hi Fi à la Española*, gives the clue to the ten pieces included. Mercury's brilliant sound jumps out at you (MG 50144).

Curtain Going Up is a set of medleys from six Broadway hits of recent vintage—*My Fair Lady*, *Carousel*, *Wonderful Town*, and the like. The Boston "Pops" presents them in symphonic arrangements (Leroy Anderson is one of the arrangers). Some of the tunes sound rather heavy-footed in full symphonic dress, in spite of conductor Fiedler's endeavor to keep the music light-hearted, rhythmic and lyrically gay. Fair sound (LM 2093).

The beginning and end of Prokofiev's career as a symphonist are contained on a new Victor LP, the "Classical" Symphony and the Symphony No. 7 (completed in 1952). Strangely, the "Classical," though an out-and-out tongue-in-cheek pastiche, sounds the more convincing, especially as played here by the Philharmonic under Nicolai Malko. The later work, composed in accord with the Soviet cultural imperative, strikes me as being a mixture of Russian mood music and second-rate Prokofiev. If this sort of thing was intended to fill the gap between frankly ephemeral music and the advanced idiom of "vanguard" composers, I am afraid we shall have to string along with Stravinsky for a while, and leave the gap still gaping (LM 2092).

Another contemporary work, Hindemith's *The Four Temperaments*, manifests the aloofness that characterizes much modern melody and harmony, but it has built up a solid reputation for itself since its appearance in 1940. It is a musico-psychological work in the form of a ballet, and unfolds by way of theme and variations for piano and orchestra. An integrated and cleanly reproduced reading comes from young pianist Leon Fleisher and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Szymon Goldberg. Also presented are five string pieces and the *Trauermusik* for George V, leading examples of the composer's *Gebrauchs-musik*. A fine release (Epic LC 3356).

Four more Vivaldi Concerti—one for violin, two for cello and one for two violins and two cellos—are played with the same briskness and high voltage that have characterized earlier releases by a French ensemble under Louis de Froment. Though less intimate than *The Seasons*, these concerti are within high-grade, virtuoso string music, and the cello pieces especially reveal yet another facet of Vivaldi's strong personality (Oiseau 50124).

Two other notable releases of violin music really deserve more space than

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can be given here. Raphael Druian has recorded a recital of *Fritz Kreisler Favorites*, including half a dozen of the period pieces, as well as the better known "Caprice Viennois," "Old Refrain," and so on. Excellent sound (MG 50119). And finally, Nathan Milstein appears in two charming works from the standard repertoire, Dvorak's rhapsodic *Concerto in A Minor*, and Glazounov's poetic concerto in the same key. Clearly, Milstein's right hand has not forgot its cunning (Cap. P 8382).

FRANCIS J. GUENTNER

FILMS

THE SPANISH GARDENER (Rank). There has been a concerted effort this year to obtain wider American distribution for British films. The fact that there has been a shortage of American movies has helped the enterprise along. On the other hand, few of the films in question have possessed obvious selling points in the way of well-known casts or subject matter of transatlantic appeal such as have made English imports popular in the past.

If American filmgoers can be persuaded to attend *The Spanish Gardener*, they will find it worth their while. Based on A. J. Cronin's novel, it concerns the friendship of a lonely small boy (Jon Whiteley) for the man (Dirk Bogarde) who gives the story its name. The stumbling block is the boy's overpossessive, snobbish, poisonously self-righteous father (Michael Hordern). This man is perhaps the least lovable parent seen on the screen since the last appearance of Edward Moulton Barrett. Hordern plays him so well, however, that he seems tragic rather than just villainous, and it is even possible to believe at the end that he has seen the error of his ways.

The gardener himself is a little too unshakably honorable to be true, and there is some rather obvious melodrama involving a wicked butler (Cyril Cusack). But the treatment in general is several cuts above soap opera, and the Spanish topography and local color, photographed in VistaVision and Technicolor, are exquisite. [L of D: A-I]

BATTLE HELL (DCA) is the calculatedly lurid title given, for American distribution, to a semi-documentary account of the British equivalent of our *Panay* incident.

The events involve the British warship *Amethyst*, which in 1949 on a mer-

cy mission to Nanking was fired upon by Chinese Communist shore batteries in the Yangtze River. Partially disabled, her captain dead and many of her crew killed and wounded, the ship ran helplessly aground. She might have stayed there permanently, for the Communists' price for releasing her was that the British confess, quite falsely, that they were the aggressors in the incident. Instead, *Amethyst*'s new captain, with the consent of his naval superiors, took the ship under cover of night on a daring dash past the Chinese guns to the safety of the open sea.

Richard Todd, as Commander Kerans, is the only cast member well known on this side of the ocean. He and his colleagues make convincing approximations of His Majesty's tough and valiant naval personnel, and the picture is a vivid and authentic-seeming sidelight of history. It also furnishes an illuminating early example of the exasperating and futile, but at the moment widely practiced, occupation of negotiating with the Communists.

[L of D: A-I]

WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN (Warner) also has a lurid title (though this one was not an afterthought for the American market), and apparently is to be preluded by a lurid advertising campaign. Behind these repellent externals, however, it turns out to be an unusual and interesting domestic drama about a good-natured but transcendently sloppy housewife (Yvonne Mitchell) who saves her marriage from being broken up.

The story, I suppose, comes under the heading of a woman's picture. In the first place, the heroine's housekeeping is so appalling that it is guaranteed to make the ladies in the audience feel like Craig's wife by comparison. And second, though her plans for confronting her husband (Anthony Quayle) and the other woman (Sylvia Syms) go pitifully and typically awry, her woman's intuition causes her to make just the right observations to bring about a reconciliation.

Nevertheless the film's acute perceptions, seedy authenticity of production and capacity to make a sound moral point without preaching, do not limit their appeal to any one sex. And Miss Mitchell's performance, for which she has already been honored abroad, does a remarkable job of digging through the irritating superficial mannerisms of the character to get at the likable human being underneath. [L of D: A-II]

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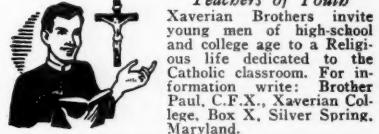
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